The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The war between Turkey and Greece and the approaching Jubilee are likely to curtail seriously the number of books issued this spring. We have heard of quite a number of important volumes that have been postponed till the autumn. The autumn season is likely to yield an almost unprecedentedly large number of new works.

We understand that it has been decided to complete Mr. Stevenson's story, "St. Ives," and the name of the author chosen for this honourable work will shortly be announced.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book will be a complete story, "Captains Courageous." It has appeared serially in *McClure's Magazine*, and in *Pearson's Magazine*.

Mr. Crockett has returned from his tour in Pomerania. He was accompanied by Mr. Frank Richards, who is to illustrate his Pomeranian story, "The Red Axe," in the *Graphic*. Mr. Crockett's autumn book will be "Lochinvar," presently running through the *Christian World*. It will be followed immediately in the same paper by another comparatively brief story entitled "The Standard Bearer." "Lochinvar" will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. Mr. Crockett has still five years' engagements to fulfil.

No definite arrangement has hitherto been come to with regard to a memoir of the late Professor Drummond, but an authorised biography will appear. It is expected also that a volume of collected essays and addresses hitherto unpublished will also be issued.

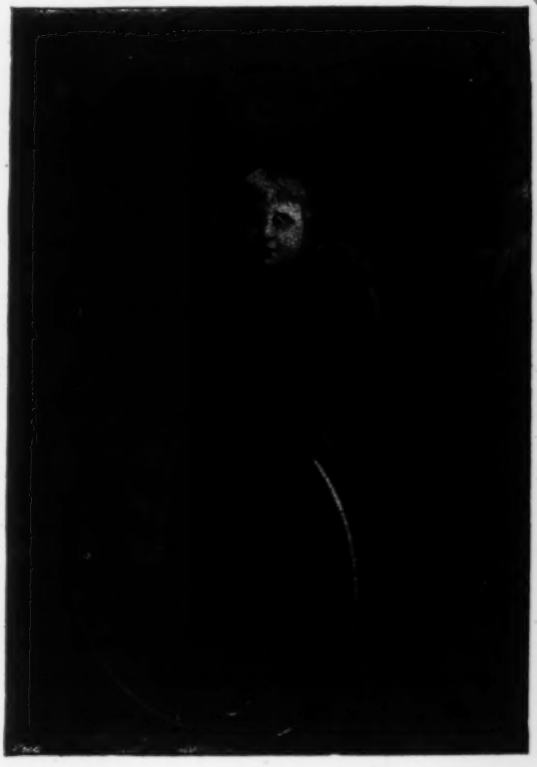
Mr. Blackmore's new book, "Dariel," which has been running through *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which is considered one of his best novels, will be published in autumn by Messrs. Blackwood, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. It was found impossible to publish the story in an American magazine, as the American magazines are more and more unwilling to print long serials—a fact which has its influence in the reduction of the length of novels.

One of the longest novels of the year will be Mr. Hall Caine's work, "The Christian." Mr. Hall Caine, who has recently been in London, had some thought of publishing his book in July, but for various reasons it is probable that it will now be deferred till the autumn. The passages omitted in serial form are to be restored in the book, and there is no doubt the novel will cause considerable discussion. Mr. Heinemann is to be the publisher.

Although in certain recent cases royalties of 1s. 9d. and 2s. on a 6s. novel have been paid, yet we believe there is a general tendency to revert to 1s. 6d. as the maximum, it being found impossible satisfactorily to advertise and push a book for which more is given.

Ian Maclaren will not publish any work of fiction during this year, but he will issue one, if not two, religious books before Christmas. The scene of his next volume of stories will probably be laid, in part at least, in America. He is making progress with his life of Christ, which will probably be entitled "The Life of the Master," and which is to run serially through *McClure's Magazine* in America.

Mr. Canton is to publish his "Invisible Playmate" and "W. V., Her Book" in one volume. "Various Verses" is to be left out, and its place will be taken by a fresh prose



Photographed by] W. V. [*Hollis & Co.*

chapter. "W. V." is, of course, the author's daughter, of whom we give a photograph. Both "The Invisible Playmate" and "W. V., Her Book" have made a great impression alike in Britain and America, and it is a decidedly happy idea to have the two put together.

We understand that the Roxburghe Press will publish shortly a small volume criticising Dr. Wright's work, "The

Brontës in Ireland," a criticism of which, reviewed elsewhere, has been written by the Rev. A. M. Mackay, of St. James' Episcopal Church, Aberdeen, and published by Messrs. Service and Paton.

Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., of Aberdeen University, the eminent authority on Asia Minor, is busily engaged on a work, "Impressions of Turkey," which he hopes to publish in the course of this month. It will contain an estimate from a woman's point of view of the condition of women in Turkey.

A very interesting work will shortly be published by Mr. James Bowden. It will consist of a book by William Brighty Rands, the "laureate of the nursery," as he has often been called. Rands, who was brought up under sturdy Nonconformist training, was successively a warehouseman, an actor, a clerk to an attorney, a clerk to Messrs. Gurney and Co., and a reporter in the House of Commons. Many of his magazine contributions appeared under assumed signatures, such as "Henry Holbeach," "Matthew Browne," "Timon Fieldmouse," "T. Falker," or as "by the author of 'Lilliput Levée.'" The book Mr. Bowden is to publish will consist of Rands' "Lazy Lessons," "Essays in Conduct," and "Lilliput Lectures." A few of the "Lazy Lessons" and "Essays in Conduct" have appeared in magazines, but though collected for Mr. Strahan in 1882, they have never before been published in book form. The work is under the editorial care of Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, who is a great admirer and student of Rands.

One of the most important and interesting of the new autumn books is Mr. Du Maurier's story, "The Martian," which it is expected will be published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. in September.

Mr. Rolf Boldrewood has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel to which he has given the title of "Plain Living."

Mr. Guy Boothby's new story, entitled "The Fascination of the King," will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. This story was published serially in *Chambers' Journal* last year, and we believe we are correct in saying that it was considered both by editor and readers as the best serial which had been in the magazine for some years. The story is to be published in America by Messrs. Rand, McNally and Co., of Chicago.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton has recently completed the manuscript of a new historical romance entitled "Across the Salt Seas," which will be published at an early date in the *People* and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

We hear that Mr. Bret Harte has dramatised "Clarence," which, our readers will remember, gives a graphic picture of some phases of the American war between North and South. The play will first be produced in New York at an early date.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is endeavouring to recuperate on the Continent, and was, when we last heard, staying at Lucerne.

Dr. George MacDonald is now busy revising the proofs of his new novel, "Salted with Fire," and it is expected that Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will be able to publish the story within the next few weeks. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. are the American publishers.

The Picture Puzzles, which are now such a feature of the penny weeklies, seem likely to be as popular as the "Missing Word." We hear that the proprietors of one of these weeklies had no less than eighty thousand solutions sent in of their first competition.

Mr. Miller Christy is engaged upon a "Life of Joseph Strutt" (1749-1802), author of "Sports and Pastimes" and other well-known antiquarian works. He would be grateful if anyone possessing, or knowing of the existence of, any of Strutt's letters or documents connected with him, would communicate with him at Pryors, Broomfield, near Chelmsford. Letters or documents sent there will be returned as soon as they have been copied.

Mr. H. S. Stone, of the late firm of Stone and Kimball, will publish in America the book of prose and verse by the late Miss Rossetti entitled "Maude." Mr. James Bowden will issue it in this country, and the simultaneous date of publication is fixed for May 17.

The Brontë Society is still in a very flourishing condition. It is likely that a few copies of the transactions, which contain much matter of real value, will be issued by a well-known firm of publishers, and thus made accessible to those outside the Society.

The new firm of American publishers entitled the Doubleday McClure Company have secured, we understand, Mr. Stephen Crane's new book.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. will publish in America, and Mr. Bowden in England, a new book of children's stories by Rafford Pyke, with illustrations of a very novel character by Mélanie Elisabeth Norton.

Mr. Bowden has arranged to publish the Rev. F. B. Meyer's new book of sermons, under the title of "Workaday Sermons."

Mr. Max Pemberton is rapidly taking his place amongst the most popular of serial writers. In addition to his serial in *Pearson's Magazine*, he has just undertaken to follow Mr. Hall Caine in the *Windsor Magazine* with "A Woman of Cronstadt." Cronstadt is considered an impregnable fortress, and Mr. Pemberton has been fortunate enough to secure plans of it.

It is said that a certain well-known American journalist may probably take up literary work in London.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere has written a preface to a pleasing little volume of essays by Mrs. C. E. Burke, entitled "The Value of Life." The volume is published by the Catholic Truth Society.

Dean Farrar will publish a work in the autumn entitled "Men I have Known." It will include descriptions of prominent men both in England and in America.

Mr. W. W. Astor is at present staying at St. Germains. He is keenly interested in his periodicals, particularly the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and himself arranges the serials for them.

Wordsworth's memorable series of "Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty" will be issued immediately by Isbister and Co. in an attractive booklet. In an introduction of some length, the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke will deal chiefly with the ethical principle of the poems. Those who have not read the series recently will be surprised, on turning to them, at their striking applicability to the present condition of Europe and affairs in the East.

Professor Cheyne is preparing a new work entitled "Thought and Life among the Ancient Hebrews."

Mrs. F. A. Steel's next book will be a Scotch story, and the title chosen is "In the Tide-way."

The "Life" of that great-hearted Quaker lady, Marie Hilton, the founder of the Crèche movement in this country, has been completed by her son, J. Deane Hilton, and will be published by Isbister and Co. in a day or two.

A one-cent edition of "Faust" is being sold in America.

Mr. Frank Stockton's new work, entitled "A Story Teller's Pack," will be published by Messrs. Cassell and Company about the end of April.

"In Garden, Orchard and Spinney" is the title of a volume of Mr. Phil Robinson's characteristic nature-studies, which Messrs. Isbister and Co. will have ready early this month.

"Rogues of the Fiery Cross," by Mr. S. Walkey, author of "In Quest of Sheba's Treasure," will be issued in a few weeks by Messrs. Cassell and Company.

The Hon. and Rev. James Granville Adderley, the well-known novelist and East-end worker, has written an introduction to Mr. St. John Adcock's forthcoming work, "East End Idylls."

The first edition of Mr. Kernahan's booklet, "A Literary Gent" (reprinted by the publishers from "A Book of Strange Sins"), was to have consisted of 15,000 copies, but the subscription list was so long that the publishers had to postpone the date and increase the number of copies to 25,000.

Fierce quarrels are going on at present among the New York newspapers. Attacks are made on the sensationalism of two in particular—the *World* and the *Journal*. In reprisal the *World* says that there are only two great newspapers in New York—the *World* and the *Herald*—and it says that its critics are failures. It goes so far as to state the amount of loss on each. It alleges that the *Journal* and the *Star* are still losing, and that each has already lost £400,000.

We have consulted various representative publishers as to their opinion on the relative advantages of spring and autumn as a publishing season. We append some of the replies kindly received.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—With regard to the question as to spring and autumn publishing, our own experience has been that from the first of January to the beginning of Lent is a good time to publish novels and other kinds of literature which are not so much used for presentation, and the Christmas season is more fitted for large books and children's literature, or, indeed, any books which are used largely for presentation. As far as our experience goes, also, we find that booksellers are far more inclined to stock books for the Christmas season than they are for either spring or summer. We certainly prefer ourselves to publish any books which appeal to popular taste in the autumn season rather than the spring.—Yours sincerely, J. M. DENT.

Aldine House, 69, Great Eastern Street, E.C.
April 14th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry we write to say that in our opinion it makes no difference, if a book be a good one, whether it is published in the spring or the autumn.—We are, yours truly, MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

Bedford Street, Covent Garden.
April 14th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—We should not have thought it open to question that the autumn is a better season for publishing than the spring. There are, no doubt, some books likely to sell particularly at Easter, or during the London season, or the summer holidays, which may be brought out with advantage early in the year, but the great majority of publications are more likely to find a ready sale during the winter.—Yours faithfully, GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

York Street, Covent Garden.
April 14th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In our opinion the autumn is undoubtedly the best season for publishing books of all kinds, although spring may be suitable for issuing volumes belonging to a series. From September to December is, however, too short a period for the numerous books printed to appear, and the next best time to issue them we consider to be March or April.—Yours truly,

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

27, *Paternoster Row.*
April 14th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your question as to the relative merits of the autumn and spring seasons, we do not think that there is anything decisive to be said. There is obviously a large class of work which is unlikely to sell except in the Christmas season; but apart from this the relative merits of the seasons are mainly a matter of accident. Thus the close of '96 was marked by the issue of a group of good novels by well-known writers which absorbed attention and swamped the little-known; but a similar thing might happen in a spring season. Just at present, perhaps, the danger of swamping is greater in the autumn, but we do not think that for well-established writers there is much difference; while apart from fiction there is virtually no choice.—Yours faithfully, A. D. INNES AND CO.

31 *and* 32, *Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.*
April 15th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In reply to the question whether spring or autumn be the best publishing season, we are of opinion that books which naturally are neglected during the height of summer, for outdoor pursuits and recreations, come again into favour with the approach of dull days and long winter evenings which afford greater opportunities for reading; hence the autumn season is generally regarded by publishers as the time of harvest, and the dull time of the summer holidays, when the book trade is at its lowest point, is employed by them in preparing for the awakening autumn demand. Books too are still largely made use of as Christmas presents, although the special illustrated gift-books which were once the rage are no longer in fashion. The autumn season may therefore be considered of more importance than the spring, but publishers are inclined now to distribute their output more evenly throughout the

whole year, for it is recognised that a good and popular work will find its market at any season.—We remain very truly yours,

CHATTO AND WINDUS.

110 *and* 111, *St. Martin's Lane, W.C.*
April 12th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of April 9th, asking us for our opinion as to which is the best publishing season—the spring or autumn—we consider the late spring the best for one shilling novels and such like cheap works of fiction; the autumn for literary and utilitarian works; the autumn best also for art books and for reprints of classical authors, as these are so largely bought as Christmas presents; and as regards novels by widely popular authors we think there is no choice between spring and autumn as the time for their publication.—We are, yours faithfully,

BLISS, SANDS AND CO.

12, *Burleigh Street, Strand.*
April 12th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—We believe that a really good book will sell at any time. We prefer, however, to issue a book on a serious subject in the autumn if possible, as no doubt there is more time for reading in the winter evenings than in the summer.—We remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39, *Paternoster Row, E.C.*
April 12th, 1897.

From these it will be seen that while autumn is preferred, yet publishers find it desirable to publish a fair number of books in the spring season—in short, as Messrs. Chatto and Windus put it, to spread their output more evenly through the year. Undoubtedly the great danger is that books may collide. The simultaneous publication of three or four novels by eminent authors not only tends to hurt the individual volumes, but overshadows the minor novelists.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

MARCH 22ND TO APRIL 17TH, 1897.

Lent is always a quiet time with the bookseller, and the present season has not been an exception, but the volume of trade has been so far satisfactory. There has not been quite so much Lent literature sold as is usual, at least so far as the wholesale trade is concerned. Orders from abroad are coming in in fair numbers and volume.

The war in the East is directing attention to books on the countries involved, noticeably Miller's "The Balkans," and works of a like nature.

The 6s. novel is still the staple article of commerce in the trade. The leaders in their order of merit are, "The Massarenes," "The Sign of the Cross," "On the Face of the Waters," "Phroso," and "Flames." A few 3s. 6d. novels have appeared, but the 6s. form still holds its own, and that it may long continue to do so is the ardent wish of the bookseller.

The approach of the "Diamond Jubilee" has revived the "Jubilee" lives of the Queen and stories of the Queen's reign, but little that is new has appeared. The exception is "Sixty Years a Queen" issued in parts. Tens of thousands of the first number have been sold. A curiosity of the former class of book was published a week or two since which seriously states on the title-page that it is *revised to June*, 1897. Rather prophetic this! There is a slight revival of interest in South African affairs. Garrett's "African Crisis" and "Peter Halket" are now selling freely.

With the return of spring, books dealing with gardening and outdoor pursuits generally are noticeable on the orders received daily from all parts.

The bookseller has been chosen as the medium for distributing the stamps (1s. and 2s. 6d.) of the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund. Here is a chance of a little extra business for the bookseller, who should not overlook it. It is expected that the demand will be enormous, while the issue is limited.

The "Nansen" boom is subsiding, but it has been a good one while it lasted. A good-selling two-guinea book is always welcome.

A little book on etiquette by Mrs. Humphry, entitled "Manners for Men," is very popular. A glance at its contents and style will at once account for this.

Mention must be made of Whitaker's "Directory of Titled Persons." It is still in demand, and seems to be just the book that was wanted.

The sale of Canon Gore's "Sermon on the Mount" is still very good, and so also is that of Goldwin Smith's "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." In the case of the latter the supply has at times been inadequate to the demand.

Since last month's article was in type, it has been ascertained that the number of new books and new editions issued during the month of March was close upon 600. It may be that publishers are pushing their new books forward in anticipation of the reaction which is sure to follow the Jubilee celebrations.

Appended is a list of books which may be taken as a fair index to the public taste. Works of a more serious or scientific character appear for the moment to be neglected.

The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
Guavas the Tinner. By S. B. Gould. 6s.
The Green Book. By M. Jokai. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Trooper Peter Halket. By O. Schreiner. 6s.
The Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
Christine of the Hills. By Max Pemberton. 6s.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Under Love's Rule. By M. E. Braddon. 0s.
Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Balkans. By W. Miller. 5s.
Cakes and Ale. By E. Spencer. 5s.
Madame Sans-Gêne. By E. Lepellier. 3s. 6d.
Story of an African Crisis. By E. Garrett. 3s. 6d.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.
Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith. 6s.
Queen Victoria: "Jubilee" literature generally.
Manners for Men. By Mrs. Humphry. 1s.
Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons. 2s. 6d.
A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
Forty-one Years in India. By Col. Roberts. 2 vols. 36s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Mar. 27, 1897.—A fairly busy week, as is usual at magazine time. Export orders rather more numerous.
April 3, " —Trade rather quiet, with a slight falling-off in foreign and colonial business.
" 10, " —A typical Lenten week, *i.e.*, not much business doing. Foreign and colonial unchanged.
" 17, " —A short week, with somewhat brisker trade in all departments.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

JUST after I had sent off my letter to THE BOOKMAN last month, I heard of the death of poor Jules Jouy, the *chansonnier*, in one of the *petites maisons* in the neighbourhood of Paris. It was then too late to write of him. I used to know Jouy very well, in the old days, but when, a year or two ago, he suddenly went out of his mind. I did not go to visit him in the asylum. Friends of mine, who had seen him there, brought back so lamentable an account of his condition that it was enough to check any such impulse; and, besides, I heard that he could recognise nobody. Poor Jouy's ambition had always been to save up enough money to enable him and his wife to retire to the country—that *beau ideal* of children of Paris—and all his earnings were regularly put by. His earnings at one time must have been considerable, for his songs had "caught on" in Paris, and apart from the large royalties he was drawing, he, in person, was in great request, as an after-dinner entertainer at fashionable parties. It was at such a party that I was introduced to him by Coquelin Cadet, the actor. It was at the house of one of the richest bankers in Paris, who had wagered a dinner of twelve *couverts* with Coquelin Cadet that he, the actor, would not be decorated with the Academy palms (the violet ribbon) that year. Cadet had been decorated, the dinner took place, and as Cadet's guest I was invited to this splendid house, though till then, I had not even heard the name of my host. I mention this incident as a curious illustration of Parisian customs. The dinner was a magnificent one, and after dinner entertainments of all kinds were provided. Jouy, amongst others, sang his songs. Terrible songs they were. One, I remember, was a parody of "Mademoiselle, écoutez moi donc," in which Monsieur Deibler, the executioner, was represented as addressing Gamahut, a notorious murderer. There was an English lady present who was horrified at the ghastly humour of the song and asked me how the Parisians could tolerate it. I did not agree with her opinion in those days, for I did not then see the danger of morbid mental practices, a danger which was subsequently so cruelly illustrated by the deaths of Guy de Maupassant and of Jules Jouy, to mention only two of many pitiful calamities. Jouy told me that evening that he was engaged in that way every night, and that the envelope which his hostess pressed upon him on leaving never contained less than £10. One night I happened to be with him when his cheque came from one of the Rothschilds, at whose house he had been singing a few days before. It was for five hundred francs. He had amassed a fine competency and was just about to realise his life-long ambition when—in the prime of life—the blow came. I firmly believe that this collapse of a fine brain was caused by the fact that, in order to meet the demands of a morbidity-loving public, the poor fellow was constantly intent on the horrid and mournful things of life—I should remark that his nature was simple and gay—and that this constant pre-occupation ended in a mental overthrow. I could mention many other instances which would illustrate this theory, instances which would confirm what Daudet stated in one of the essays in his "Trente Ans de Paris," where he comments on the disappearance, one after another, in deaths more or less mournful, of the fine fellows who used in those days to congregate at the Café des Martyrs. Café des Martyrs, aye, a significant name, martyrs to the folly of perversity.

One day in June of 1895, at the time when I was working with Daudet at that reminiscence of his youth, I arrived at the Rue de Bellechasse to find him in a state of great nervous excitement. His revolver was lying on his desk before him. "I declare," he cried, "that I thought I might need it, to protect myself." Then he told me that shortly before my arrival, a young writer of great promise in the decadent school of art had called. His first words were quite sensible. "It was almost as if he suddenly went mad in my room." However this may be, mad the poor young fellow was and mad he remained till his death. He was not a drinker; no more was Jouy, no more was Maupassant, for the French, if they do frequent cafés, are a very temperate race—he was a victim not to physical but to mental excess.

I came across a little book the other day which interested me very much. It is called "The Truth about the Lyons Mail," and is written by M. Excoffon, who is a great-grandson of Excoffon, the unfortunate courier, whose fate is usually forgotten by those who at the Lyceum or elsewhere deplore the misfortunes of Lesurques, the "innocent Lesurques" whose name is synonymous with that of victim of judicial error. M. Excoffon's object in writing the book is to draw the attention of the public to the fact that the sufferings of his family have been overlooked in the gush of sympathy for the descendants of Lesurques, and he complains that this injustice is all the greater because there was no doubt whatever that Lesurques really was guilty of the murder of the courier and the plunder of the Lyons mail. He points out that Lesurques' uncle was Merlin de Douai, Prefect of Police, whose interest it was to clear his family name of such a disgrace as the execution of one of its members for highway robbery, and suggests that it was Merlin de Douai who induced Courriol, Lesurques' accomplice, to state that Lesurques was innocent, by promising that his female partner should be provided for after his death. The same inducement, M. Excoffon maintains was held out to Dubosc, after his arrest on other charges to confess that it was he, and not Lesurques, who had organised and executed the robbery and murder. Dubosc's life was already forfeited; he had fourteen different sentences of death, pronounced by various courts against him *in contumaciam*, hanging over his head, and it was a matter of absolute indifference to him that a fresh murder should be laid to his charge. At the same time he was anxious about his children and their mother, and when Merlin de Douai promised to provide for them, he agreed to swear anything that was wanted of him. M. Excoffon proves his case up to the hilt, and his little book has an interest of actuality just now, when the centenary of Lesurques's execution has just passed. I may mention that many of the old inns where the Lyons mail used to change horses, are still standing. Some of them are in the hands of descendants of the post-masters who kept them in 1795 and 1796, and wherever I have alluded to the innocence of the "unfortunate Lesurques" I have been heartily laughed at. You can get all sorts of particulars about this famous tragedy and about the actors in it, in these inns. It has all been discussed over and over again by the fire in the long

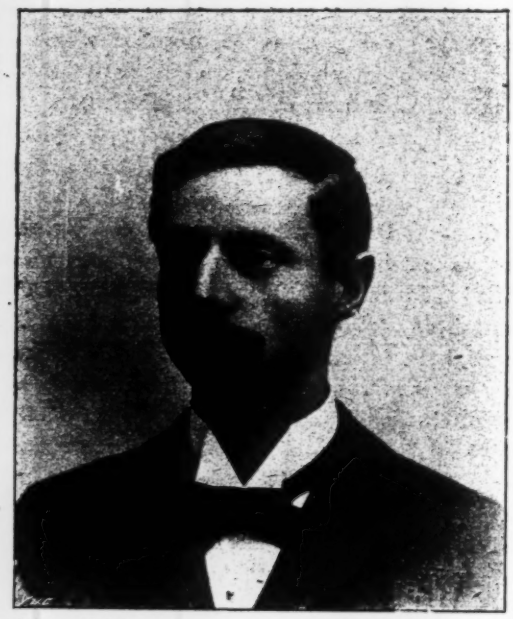
winter evenings right through the century, handed down from father to son, so that as one talks, the intervening century seems to disappear, and it is as though one were discussing an event of yesterday. And if anyone, who has been interested in "The Lyons Mail" cares to see the very inn to which the dead bodies of Excoffon, the courier, and his postboy were brought, let him after passing Melun on his way towards Montereau look out for the first inn on his right. It stands all alone and can be recognised as a former posting-house by the large stable-yard which is attached to it. There is "Halte!" (Stop here!) painted up in huge letters on the white front wall. A hundred years ago, this inn stood in the middle of the forest. A spot a few hundred yards ahead on the highroad is to this day called the "Carrefour de l'Attaque," and it was here that the deed was done! It is a curious circumstance, and one which helps to bear out M. Excoffon's contention that Lesurques himself—as the woman of the house told me—kept that inn until he was turned out by the bailiffs—within three weeks of the murder. The place was very familiar to him.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. W. W. JACOB.

"MANY Cargoes," published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, several months ago, is one of the few really amusing books of recent years. Its fun is without sting or stain, and is irresistible. Those who have read it will not be surprised to learn that its author, though born in London, comes of seafaring folk. His great-grandfather was a



Photographed by [*Taylor, Queen Victoria St.*

MR. W. W. JACOB.

skipper, and after having taken one of the Georges across to Flushing in his brig, he was appointed to the control of the excise at Mistley, a little place in Essex. And Mr. Jacob, though for the last thirteen years he has been a civil servant, in the Post Office, has had some nautical experiences of his own. As a young boy he was ambitious to be a sailor too, and suggested spending his summer holidays going round to Wales on a schooner. His father acquiesced; probably he foresaw results. Indeed the skipper was a friend of his. Whether for this reason or not, he made the boy take the wheel for an hour or two at a time when he was sick, and kept him on deck at night to rotate a revolving light, and in other lively ways filled up the holiday. Mr. Jacob never became a skipper. But his interests in seafaring men and things never dwindled, and for some years he lived on a wharf, where he unconsciously acquired the knowledge of small coasting craft and their men which he has used so effectively in his stories.

His first literary successes began ten years ago, in connection with an amateur magazine at the Post Office. The popularity of his contributions prompted him to appeal to a wider audience.

Although his writing shows no sign of elaboration, Mr. Jacob is a very patient, careful worker. During the last six months he has only written a story of thirty thousand words, so anxious is he to produce nothing but his best. This story, "The Skipper's Wooing," will appear serially in the *Windsor Magazine*, and in book form in the autumn. It is too early yet to say anything definite about the longer story he is planning.

THE READER.

BURNS'S DEBT TO HIS POETIC FORBEARS.*

WHAT did Burns really owe to the predecessors from whom he openly borrowed much, at whose "flame" (mentioning specifically Ramsay and Fergusson) he acknowledged frankly that he "kindled"? The question is one that should hardly need to be put at this time of day, when criticism has reached a fairly sane estimate of the value—intellectual and ethical—of "loans" in literature, whether of matter or of form. But it has been seriously raised in the "Centenary Burns," and as the editors' defective answer to it, announced in their first volume as a "theory" which it was their object to "emphasize," has been reiterated with a trifle of violence in the third volume recently issued, it is well to thresh the subject out at once. The main interest of this third volume, indeed, lies in the restatement of the theory, and in the efforts made in the annotations to supplement the insufficient proof of its validity offered in Vols. I. and II. Messrs. Henley and Henderson, then, repeat their argument that, "genius apart," Burns was "*ultimus Scotorum*, the last expression of the old Scots world"; and declare that if it erred, it was not by excess. They proceed to amplify their theory (Vol. I.) that he was "the heir to a flourishing tradition," "the outcome of an environment"; that he "derives from a numerous ancestry," and "is partly an effect of local and peculiar conditions, and partly the product of immediate and remote forbears." These phrases are of course innocent enough in themselves; what they predicate might be predicated of any poet; only, few professional critics would condescend so to hammer the obvious. They are objectionable, in this instance, because they are applied to Burns for a purpose aforethought. In the first volume of the "Centenary" edition, the theory of Burns's indebtedness to his "ancestry" was propounded as

* "The Centenary Burns." Edited by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson. Vol. 3. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

an avowed and deliberate assault on a counter-theory that Burns was "the founder of a dynasty," and also upon another theory of straw, namely that he was an "unnatural birth of poesy and time." It has been said that the theory is reiterated here with violence. It is really only the language that is violent, although in its expanded form the depreciation of Burns which the theory aims at is aggravated; but the attack on the counter-theory is dropped. Messrs. Henley and Henderson do not repeat in set terms their denial that Burns was "the founder of a dynasty." On the other hand, stricken apparently by the obloquy which their affected gibes against the poet's parochialisms had drawn down upon them, they hasten to atone for their fault by elevating Burns to the pedestal of "sole great poet of the old Scots world," although a strict regard for—shall we say justice?—compels them to qualify the eulogy with "those forebears aiding," and a regard for—shall we say consistency?—prompted them still to limit Burns's pre-eminence to "the *old Scots* world."

What is the true theory of Burns's relation to his predecessors and of his place in the poetic hierarchy? He did undoubtedly "derive from a numerous ancestry." He was undoubtedly "partly an effect of local and peculiar conditions, and partly the product of immediate and remote forebears." These are trite and otiose sayings. They are of no value unless as against the theory of straw which makes him "the unnatural birth of poesy and time." Burns borrowed manner, metre, and matter from his Scotch predecessors. The facts, properly stated, without bias, are admitted by everybody everywhere. Much of his song-writing was emendation and reconstruction of familiar Scottish songs; he himself gloried in the fact, and considered it not the least of his services to his race. He purified his country's treasury of song, and made polished jewels out of the rough stones quarried by the hundred forgotten singers who, as Messrs. Henley and Henderson put it, "went to the making of his achievement and himself." Granted that he was not an inventor of new metres; that the four-accent couplet of "The Twa Dogs" and "Tam o' Shanter" had been employed by the Scottish school, and borrowed by it possibly from the "Romaunt of the Rose"; that Fergusson supplied Burns with the stanza of the "Holy Fair" as well as furnishing him with actual models of substance and form in his "Hallow Fair" and "Leith Races." Granted that Burns's realism was a legacy to him from the Scottish school, that, apart from the native bent, he was stimulated to write of that which he saw in the little world about him by the example of his Scottish forbears, from the author of "The King's Quair" downwards. Granted that he was the "last of the Scots" in this sense that he crowned the achievements of the Scottish school, beat all the scholars at their own game, and is rightly classed among them, albeit he is the sole occupant of the sixth form and none of his mates rise above the fourth. Yet it is more true to say of him that he was a pioneer, and that by genius and craftsmanship alike he is more closely related to those who came after him than to any of his forbears. Let us look at the point of his taking off from the family-tree of the Scottish school. Compare his "Hallowe'en" and "Holy Fair" with Fergusson's "Hallow Fair" and "Leith Races." The imitation is fully admitted. But what a gulf between the purely "external," aloof, descriptive, unimpassioned comedy of Fergusson's "Leith Races" and Burns's powerful satire, in "Holy Fair," upon the falsehood in religious thought and action that insults reason and corrupts conduct. "Hallow Fair" compared with "Hallowe'en" is as unsympathetic as a photograph. Burns has brought a new thing into the Scottish school, namely, heart, sympathy, humanity—the contribution of an artist and a great man. Burns saw the universal in the particular. That faculty ranks him with the greatest writers of the world; it differentiates him from his forbears of the Scottish school. Take his supreme original creation, "The Jolly Beggars," in connection with which Messrs. Henley and Henderson have made their chief failure to square facts with their hypothesis, interesting as the result of their grubbing for "origins" is. Take their own collation of it with the scene in "Auerbach's Cellar":—"With a superb intelligence the Scot created his people from within, while the German's apprehension of his company is merely intellectual and pedantic." Was it worth while, in face of the convincing genius of Burns, of his admitted influence in the poetic revival of the nineteenth century, of the strong bias he gave to Wordsworth and Byron by his force, fire, and truly classic form, and by the example of his success in dealing with the materials he found in himself and the actual life around him—was it worth while to attempt to ventilate Burns's derivation from his "forbears"? Surely not; much less was it worth while to insist, with a show of authority, that he was "not the founder of a dynasty," but "the last expression of the old Scots world." The theory seems, indeed, merely absurd to such as know what Dunbar, the Semples, Hamilton, Ramsay, and Fergusson were capable of, and who know the real value of the Scottish *corpus poeticum*. Its iteration depreciates the work of Messrs. Henley and Henderson considerably in the estimation of serious Burns students. Yet their pursuit of the "origins" of Burns has resulted in the collation and discovery of a number of interesting facts, which in themselves are invaluable aids to criticism. In the third volume of the "Centenary" edition they present, along with some things that are irrelevant, a good deal of evidence, not hitherto available to the general reader, throwing light upon Burns's process of song-manufacture. But a candid reader of their body of annotations cannot but rise from the perusal with the conviction not only that Messrs. Henley and Henderson have failed to prove that "much of the thought, the romance, and the sentiment for which we read and love him [in his songs] were included in the estate which he inherited from his nameless forbears," but that they would have made out a better case on behalf of exactly the opposite contention.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

DR. JOHNSON ON LITERARY COPYRIGHT.*

SIR,—I will tell you in a few words what is, in my opinion, the most desirable state of copyright or literary property.

The authour has a natural and peculiar right to the profit of his own work.

But as every man who claims the protection of society

* The following letter is from the magnificent Johnson collection of Mr. R. B. Adams, of Buffalo, who has kindly supplied it.—ED. *Bookman*.

must purchase it by resigning some part of his natural right, the authour must recede from so much of his claim as shall be deemed injurious or inconvenient to society.

It is inconvenient to society that an useful book should become perpetual and exclusive property.

The judgement of the Lords was therefore legally and politically right.

But the authour's enjoyment of his natural right might without any inconvenience be protracted beyond the term settled by the statute. And it is, I think, to be desired

(1) That an authour should retain during his life the sole right of printing and selling his work.

This is agreeable to moral right, and not inconvenient to the publick. For who will be so diligent as the authour to improve the book, or who can know so well how to improve it.

(2) That the authour be allowed, as by the present act, to alienate his right only for fourteen years.

A shorter time would not procure a sufficient price, and a longer would cut off all hope of future profit, and consequently all solicitude for correction or addition.

(3) That when after fourteen years the copy shall revert to the authour he be allowed to alienate it again only for seven years at a time.

After fourteen years the value of the work will be known, and it will be no longer bought at hazard. Seven years of possession will therefore have an assignable price. It is proper that the authour be always incited to polish and improve his work by that prospect of accruing interest which those shorter periods of alienation will afford him.

(4) That after the authour's death his work should continue an exclusive property capable of bequest and inheritance, and of conveyance by gift or sale for thirty years.

By these regulations a book may continue the property of the authour or of those who claim from him, about fifty years, a term sufficient to reward the writer without any loss to the publick. In fifty years far the greater number of books are forgotten and annihilated, and it is for the advantage of learning that those which fifty years have not destroyed should become bona communia, to be used by every scholar as he shall think best.

In fifty years almost every book begins to require notes either to explain forgotten allusions and obsolete words; or to subjoin those discoveries which have been made by the gradual advancement of knowledge or to correct those mistakes which time may have discovered.

Such notes cannot be written to any useful purpose without the text and the text will frequently be refused while it is any man's property. I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

March 7, 1774. Sam Johnson.

LIVING POETS.

III.—Thomas Edward Brown.

Of the four volumes of verse which Mr. Brown has published, the most recent, "Old John, and Other Poems" (1893), should be selected as the most fairly representative of his poetic faculty. With the very important exception that it includes no specimen of his power as a story-teller, it indicates his range both in matter and artistic form. In these pages we have the poet in all his moods, and almost invariably at his best. Indeed, there are things here which, either for beauty and haunting music, for poignant emotion, or for an elusive spiritual sweetness that reminds one of the mediæval mystics, are not to be "touched" by anything contained in the earlier books. Here too, though we have no tragic tale of Manx life, there are half a dozen delightfully humorous transcripts of Island character, full of the fresh colour of an unfamiliar race, for whose quaint turns of speech the poet has contrived a brisk and pleasantly unconventional mode of verse. Finally it is to be noted that in "Old John" the appeal, both in subject and in manner, is to a much larger public than heretofore. Simple as is the Manx dialect—and to the ear or eye which has grown accustomed to it it is piquant and picturesque as well—it is to be feared that Mr. Brown has not received the recognition due to his genius solely because he has chosen to "use the old familiar speech" of a half-submerged mountain-ridge thirty-three miles by twelve, and, not making much account of "the stranger," has been satisfied

"To sing a song shall please my countrymen."

To the claim of genius no one who knows Mr. Brown's work will demur. In the essential qualities of the genuine poet he is not lacking; and in spiritual vision, in the tenderness which springs out of a large humanity, in genial humour and gaiety, there are few poets of our century, there are no living poets, who have been equally gifted. There is a big burly naturalness, a heartiness, a contempt of trick and artifice, a broad sanity and placidity, observable in all his work. These mask the finer, the more delicate and evanescent characteristics, like a hardy serviceable husk. It is to be hoped that the Islanders on the mid-mountain height—one thinks of their ancestors far away down in the valleys when only rivers flowed between England and Ireland some few ages ago!—love their poet, and

"Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls"

in the books wherein he has "fixed" their ancient heritage—their manners, speech, humours, the tragedy and comedy of life in their little land, for truly he has given to them what was meant for the English-speaking world at large.

Thomas Edward Brown is a child of that Manx sun, whose venerable emblem, a wheel in prehistoric days, still survives in the impossible three legs of insular heraldry. He was born at St. Matthew's parsonage, Douglas, in 1830. I conjecture that he must have caught up in his early years his knowledge of the incidents, the characters and the passions of the fishermen and seafarers in the little port, and of the miners and pastoral folk among the hills. At sixteen he was sent to King William's College, in the Island, where he remained a couple of years, and whither he was to return nine years later as Vice-Principal, but he appears to have taken with him from his father's study all the scholarship he was likely to acquire at that seat of learning. In 1850 he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1853 he took a first-class in classics and in modern history and law. In the following year he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, and in 1855 appointed Vice-Principal of King William's College, and subsequently ordained. This was a sufficiently brilliant record for a young man of five-and-twenty. Two years later he married, and in 1861 he accepted the post of

head-master of the Crypt School, Gloucester. In 1863 he removed to Clifton College, and from that year till 1892 he remained there as assistant-master. In '73 "Betsy Lee" appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and gave the last generation assurance of a new writer of daring originality and exceptional poetic accomplishment. Eight years elapsed before the printers were taken aback, and the appreciative reader was delighted, with "Fo'c's'le Yarns," but, unless I mistake, it must have been in this interval that some exceptionally lucky lovers of poetry got in *Plain Talk*, the small periodical of the Baptist Church in Liverpool, then under the charge of the poet's brother, the Rev Hugh S. Brown, the first flower of certain exquisite lyrics which may now be found in "Old John, and Other Poems." "The Doctor" appeared in 1887; "The Manx Witch" in 1889; and in 1893 the latest and most popular of the poet's books.

How is it possible to convey any satisfactory impression of the balanced power, of the variety, of the tragic and pathetic intensity of his stories of Manx life? Without the books before one to quote from, description becomes a mere inventory of qualities—a series of X-radiographs. Yet it may be said that, as one notes the vivid dramatic method of narrative which brings up the rough faces of the listeners; as one observes how much of the primeval "red earth" clings about the passions of the men and women; as one marks the subtle insight informing the rude picturesque dialect, the quick play of fun and of tenderness, the large sympathy, and beneath it the pervading sense of a divine purpose at the heart of things, one almost regrets that Mr. Brown did not take to prose fiction. Few novelists of our time are more adequately equipped, even fewer, I venture to think, would have reached a larger audience. And yet of the work accomplished, who could wish anything done otherwise than as it now stands? In the whole range of prose fiction I recollect nothing more strangely piercing and beautiful than the closing incident in "Bella Gorry," where, after her daughter returns to the Island happily married, the poor betrayed mother, thinking over the joy and anguish of ancient years, asks to have her child for one night, undresses her in the rude cottage, kneels and kisses face and bosom and limbs, drinks in the music of her voice,

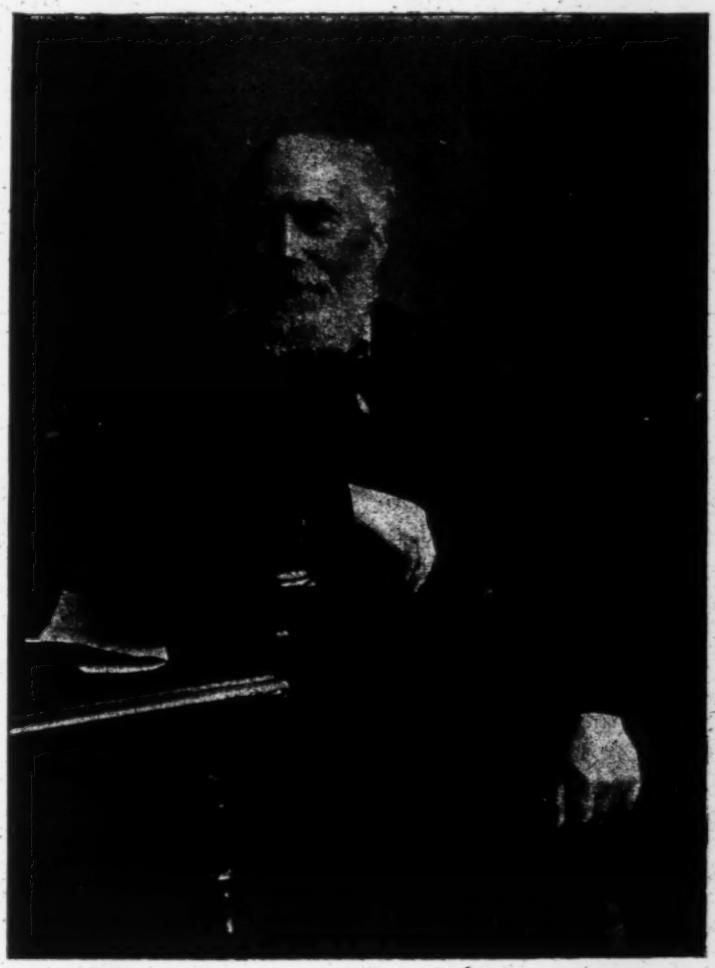
> "takes assurance of each sense
> That this dear child, thus come to full estate
> Of bodily form, was her own little one,
> Flesh of her flesh, the same that she had borne
> And nursed in sorrow, now complete in joy."

Death alone could fitly close that supreme episode of impassioned mother-love. But, in truth, one might take any of these "Yarns," whether told in the forecastle or elsewhere, and quote indefinitely from them in justification of the considerable claims advanced in these columns; a simpler and more conclusive process will be for the reader to turn to the books and note what scant justice the most willing critic can deal out to such a poet.

To revert to the most recent of Mr. Brown's work, it will be doing both reader and poet best service to give some specimens of his purely English work. And here beauty and brevity combined lead me to give a preference to one or two of the poems which remind me of the Silurist and his mystic brethren, and which should find a place in all sacred anthologies:

MY GARDEN.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest {school



Photographed by [*Cowen, Ramsay, I. of Man.*

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

PRAESTO.

"Expecting Him my door was open wide:
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him at my side—
How entered, by what secret stair,
I know not, knowing only He was there."

I should have liked to find place for the subtly phrased and wonderfully noble poem, "Catherine Kinrade," but it is too long to quote in its entirety. Nothing, however, in the whole of Mr. Brown's work will endear him more to his readers than the sequence of paternal sorrow and love entitled "Aber Stations."

"*Why do I make so much of Aber fall?* . . .
Four years ago
My little boy was with me here—
That's all—
He died next year:
He died just seven years old."

The whole hillside is haunted by the memory of the child. Here he put his little foot; here he put his little arms about a rock, climbing cragsman-fashion. The stream is the same; the same colour is on the hill and in the sky; the blackbird is singing the old song. All the way from station to station a very Job's comforter reasons with the aching heart and reproves the unsubmissive sorrow. Is not this the perfect ecstasy of anguish?

STATIO TERTIA.

"The stream is very sweet
To-day . . . . Just see the swallow dart!
How fleet!
It sent a shiver to my heart.
If he had lived, you say—
Well, well—if he had lived, what then?
Some men
Will always argue—yes, I know . . . . of course . . . .
The argument has force.
If he had lived he might have changed—
From bad to worse?
Nay, my shrewd balance-setter,
Why not from good to better?
Why not to best? to joy
And splendour? oh, my boy!
I did not want this argument in the least,
My soul had ceased
From doubt and questioning—
That swallow's wing!
What a transcendent rush!
Hush! hush!
Or, if you talk, talk low:
For . . . . do you know . . . .
Just as the swallow dipt,
I felt as if a soft hand slipt
Its fingers into mine . . . . he's near . . . .
He's with us . . . . 'tis not right the child should hear
This jangling . . . . low, then, low!
Or this is better . . . . go,
Go, darling; play upon the bank,
And prank
Your hair with daisy and with buttercup,
And we will meet you higher up.
Now then . . . . *if he had lived?* if my sweet son
Had lived? . . . . You stare . . . .
There! there!
'Tis gone, 'tis gone—
It was the swallow's dart
That sent a shiver to my heart."

WILLIAM CANTON.

AUTHORS AND EDITORS—THE LAW *INTER SE.*

BY A LAWYER.

REFERRING to the paragraphs upon this subject in THE BOOKMAN of March, p. 163, a few observations regarding the legal aspect may perhaps be of interest.

Doubtless there are difficulties, but at least several important postulates can be evolved from the general principles of the Laws of Recompense and Contract. For instance, it must be admitted:—

(1) that the publication of MS. implies *a priori* liability for payment; and

(2) that the amount of such payment must be reasonable—the market value, in short; still

(3) the revisal of the proof does not entitle the Author to any higher remuneration; but

(4) if no publication follow within a fair time after the return of the proof to the publisher, the author can demand payment; for

(5) the debt becomes due so soon as a MS. is *appropriated* by the publisher; yet

(6) the terms of a publisher's notice can effectually postpone the date of payment, and that whether the author has seen or has not seen the notice; also

(7) the terms of the notice may even bar an author from suing for the return of his MS.; because

(8) a publishing office is not the receiving department of a common carrier. Everything coming to the editorial sanctum comes at "sender's risk"; unless

(9) it is sent in fulfilment of a pre-arrangement between the publisher and author, which arrangement may be in writing, or implied from previous transactions *inter se.* But in all cases

(10) a publisher has a right of retention over a literary fee wherever—having published a MS.—he obtains reasonable proof that the MS. is a plagiarism, laying him (the publisher) liable to an action by the true first author; and of course the same right exists in

(11) the case where the literary fee is a prize awarded in terms of a published notice; by some of which notices even

(12) unsuccessful articles are not infrequently confiscated for the publisher's benefit; and the fact that this has been done is a strong confirmation of the writer's opinion, as indicated in Nos. 6 and 7.

NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOWETT.*

Unquestionably the late Master of Balliol was one of the most striking personalities of the last generation. His most effective memorial is in the lives he influenced and moulded, and in the original and attractive writings he has left us. But some account behoved to be given of the secret of his influence, and of the sources and methods which produced these writings. Whether in the two large volumes of biography now published there is not rather an excess of material, whether alongside of the plethora of correspondence there is not somewhat of a paucity of the brilliant sayings of the late "Master," will no doubt be questioned by the public. But of that large number of men who could speak of him as "the divine Jowett," "the wisest and best man" they had ever known, few will be found to complain of the amount of material here collected. It is true that the aim of a biography is to present an adequate record of the life and a true picture of the character of its subject, not to preserve as much as possible of what he produced. But even so, no one who reads these volumes can fail to form a clear image of the remarkable figure depicted. For the biographers have accomplished their task with sympathy, insight, and good taste. The first volume has been written by Professor Campbell, his collaborateur in one of his most important works. It brings us down to 1870, when Jowett was appointed to the Mastership, and includes an account of his methods as Tutor of Balliol, of his Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, of his appointment to the Professorship of Greek, of his

* "The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford." By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. Two volumes. (John Murray.)

efforts at University Reform, and of the publication of "Essays and Reviews." The second volume tells the story of his subsequent years, and has been written by Dr. Abbott.

The extraordinary impression which Professor Jowett left upon many of the most influential men of our time becomes intelligible as we accompany him through the life recorded in these volumes. He was the ideal Professor. Not only was he possessed of a striking individuality of character, not only did he cherish and express a high ideal of life, but he devoted himself wholly to the College and University in which he spent all his days. He had no ambitions or interests which in any degree diverted him from the main work of his life. At any hour of the day, or almost of the night, his door was open to any man of his College who sought his help. Nor did he confine himself to his own College. Very touching acts of kindness towards members of other Colleges are recorded in these volumes. It was this entire devotedness to their interests which won the men under his charge; "the depth and extent of his pastoral supervision of young thinkers," it was this which gave authority to his plain-spoken criticisms and which brought men to trust him utterly. He belonged to them. With all those great endowments which fitted him to win rewards outside the walls of his College, he was first of all and last of all "Master of Balliol."

It has been reckoned a blot on Jowett's character that he worshipped success. But that one who had the responsibility of launching so many young lives should anxiously scan their future career, and should rejoice in their winning positions of influence is pardonable. Besides, his own life was remarkable for nothing more than its completeness. "Mine," he said in dying, "has been a happy life. I bless God for my life." Certainly its placid happiness, and its readiness to overflow into other saddened and crushed lives is conspicuous, but still more so is its success. It exemplifies the command a man may have over his own life; how, if he takes the measure of his own capabilities, and doggedly persists in work for which he is competent, his life may produce a surprising amount of fruit. It is true, his character was mixed and tempered for success in a quite unusual degree. He had none of the scarcely controllable passions which wreck so many lives at the outset. "His tenacity was passionless, his victory without triumph." With this extraordinary serenity, which was never ruffled into boisterousness either by mirth or passion, he possessed also as remarkable an intensity and an indomitable courage and diligence. But the rounded completeness of his success in life was due, with all these natural endowments, to his clear-headed recognition of what he could do best.

From the ardour with which at one time he prosecuted the study of Kant and Hegel, it might have been expected that he would devote himself wholly to philosophy. From his elaborate and richly suggestive work on Paul, theology might seem to have called him with irresistible force. And although his prime was given to the Greek classics, he always cherished the hope that he might return to his early love. In 1883 he writes: "I wish my last years to be employed in original work, which may help men and women to live better and to be happier. In three years I think it possible that I may finish the 'Politics,' the 'Republic,' the 'History of Greek Philosophy,' Thucydides, Ed. 2. I shall then devote the rest of my days to sermon writing and to moral philosophy, the Life of Christ, a commentary on the New Testament Scripture." But this, alas! was not to be. Nearer the close, when a friend asked him why he did not finish his work on the Life of Christ, "he replied, falling back in his chair, with tears in his eyes, 'Because I cannot; God has not given me the power to do it.'" His intention was in this proposed "Life" to bring the mind and thoughts of Christ a little nearer to the human heart. In many respects he was well fitted to accomplish this. Defective, if measured by confessional orthodoxy, it would have been. Of immortality he was able only to say: "I seem to have a hope for myself and others that this world is not and cannot be all. We trust in God, not venturing to say much on such a matter." This gives us the measure of what his interpretation of the mind of Christ would have amounted to. And yet his appreciation of the moral ideal presented in Christ would have been unsurpassed. There were elements in his daily life which revealed how much he had pondered that central Figure, and which interpreted Christ to many, and with these elements we must rest content.

MARCUS DODS.

THE LATEST CYPRIAN.*

Cyprian is a noble subject, which long ago charmed the youthful imagination of Edward Benson, and occupied him during thirty years, until he had finished the book now offered, almost as his last will and testament, to a somewhat over-busy world. Not, indeed, that the story of the first Christian centuries has lost its importance. On the contrary, it is more sifted and scrutinized than ever, and the bold attempt to interpret or to practise the religion of the New Testament, as though its tradition were of no account, has been exchanged for an anxious or even microscopic attention to what was believed by the early disciples, and may yet be discernible in their extant remains. Among English students of antiquity Bishop Lightfoot holds the first rank, and deservedly so; for his "Clement of Rome," his "Ignatius and Polycarp," display the combination of wide learning with judicious criticism, and of zeal with impartiality, that in this department can alone secure the scholar's approbation and the reader's interest. We ask at once, on receiving the new "Cyprian," whether it is equal to Bishop Lightfoot, or worthy of a man who gloried in being his disciple. Will it live? Is it the final judgment on a keenly-debated subject? Is it likely to be the standard treatise for a long while to come which, before its publication, we had many of us hoped?

To these questions, if I must rely upon my first impressions, the answer will be disappointing. One cannot but be sorry that the Archbishop, ere he was confirmed in the dark Thucydidean style which he has chosen, had not tried its effect on a critical—that is to say, a popular—audience. There was no reason why he should be obscure except his own resolve not to write like the rest of the world. Cyprian himself, though enamoured of the vehement Tertullian, did not copy his Africanisms or his eccentricities. The Primate of Carthage wrote an admirable and pellucid style. But Dr. Benson, by a perverse, abrupt, and humorous manner of composition, not less tantalizing than Mr. George Meredith's, has made it impossible that his life work should become the standard account of Cyprian. Yet how many points he had in his favour! Scholarship was not wanting; nor the multifarious help of friends in many libraries; nor travel in search of topography; nor the newest German inventions to whet his appetite for refutation; and the keen interest which from a boy he had taken in his hero must have gained a fresh stimulus when he attained prelatic honours. Cyprian, to be sure, comes forward in this volume as the earliest and the latest champion of Canterbury against Rome. I do not say that enthusiasm, quickened by polemics, will give us an accurate or impartial history, but one not difficult to read, not dull and lifeless, it ought certainly to afford. We can fancy Gibbon treating in 600 pages the Christian virtues, vices, beliefs, quarrels, heresies, persecutions of the middle of the third century, and how all his acquaintance with men and manuscripts, with cities and nations, would have furnished a clear, exact, and easily-remembered picture in English, as stately as it was bright and amusing. He would never have broken up his learning into a set of notes and scholia, and, however controversial in meaning, his aim would have been, before all things, to produce a work of art, a masterpiece of literature.

Not so Dr. Benson. Regretfully we must say it, he does not rise to supreme excellence, whether as writer, historian, critic, or divine. His language has no fine harmonies; his sketches of the third century are subdued in colour, smack a little too much of the Sunday-school, tend to run off into preaching, and shun the supernatural, of which in Cyprian we meet with abundant evidences. As regards the main achievements of criticism, Hartel has gone before him; at least, with the exception of some notes on manuscripts, and an occasional fresh reading, I find nothing that was not earlier in print. And, to my shame, I confess that, after

* "Cyprian: His Life, His Times, His Work." By Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L., some time Archbishop of Canterbury. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

repeated perusals, I cannot understand what was the principle of unity in teaching, what the method of preserving from schism the One Episcopate, or what was the ecumenical policy, to take the place of Rome, which he detested, that the erudite Archbishop would have commended to our acceptation.

It is no business of mine just now to enlarge upon the anti-Roman argument which lends a fierce accent to many of these pages. But, looking at the matter from outside, one would be disposed to think that some general review of the evidence accessible to us during the period up to Cyprian, and onwards from Cyprian to Pope Leo I., would fittingly introduce any discussion, whether of the Episcopal or the Papal problem in Church government. This, except a slight and inadequate reference to Tertullian's theory of the layman as priest when no ordained priest was to be had, I am unable to find in Dr. Benson. Moreover, by an omission so striking that it might appear to be deliberate, there is no notice, good or bad, of the principle of development as applied by Cardinal Newman or De Maistre to the growth of the Church, and its expansion into a kingdom held together in unity by St. Peter's successor. The secular historian perceives such an expansion, and connects in one line of history the Popes who reigned in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries with those who reigned in the third and the second. To these phenomena the Catholic divine brings his doctrine of a superintending Providence, and sees in them the continued presence, the enduring prerogatives, of the Prince of the Apostles, just as in other phenomena he sees the abiding presence of Christ Himself. It is not answering his contention to pass over the view on which he would explain why there was so much evidence for his dogmas, and why no more, in the ante-Nicene period. Nevertheless, passed over it is by Dr. Benson, or not met full in the face. He treats the Cyprianic questions as though isolated, without antecedents or sequel; for how is it a reply to the common Catholic teaching, which we read so frequently in Augustine, to say that Carthage, at the end of the fourth century, was pretty well autonomous? Suppose it were as little governed in detail from Rome as was Alexandria or Constantinople, would any one maintain that in Augustine's latter years the Pope of the day claimed less jurisdiction than did the illustrious St. Leo, ten years after Augustine's death? And if some daring person ventured on such a paradox, would not contemporary evidence speedily refute him? This method of special pleading, as I may call it, is due to the want of a large and definite outlook upon the history of church government as a whole. It may have been a necessity of the Archbishop's position; but surely it is neither philosophical nor scientific.

To some it will appear that every discussion of these points is "legal"—unspiritual, and disedifying. They do not see how the Christian life is bound up with Popes or Bishops; and they hate the antiquarian aspect which is given to it by arguing from Patristic homilies, worm-eaten parchments, Councils in Mauritania, and musty Greek and Latin. But Christianity is a religion of the Book, as we all confess; and the Book cannot be thoroughly understood without Hebrew, which is still less at the command of the multitude than are Greek and Latin. In like manner, history does furnish the data by means of which we learn what Christianity was in fact when it changed the face of the world. If it is not a tradition, it is what anybody chooses to make it, without a "local habitation" and little better than a name. The Archbishop had strong grounds for searching into the spirit and the form of that religion as it was held in the days of Cyprian. But he could not hope to bring out the significance of a treatise such as Cyprian wrote "De Unitate Ecclesiæ," unless by taking all the facts into consideration. These facts include the judgment of the fourth and fifth centuries upon the principles of the third. As Cardinal Newman writes, "St. Cyprian had his quarrel with the Roman See; but it appears that he allows to it the title of the 'Cathedra Petri'; and even Firmilian is a witness that Rome claimed it. In the fourth and fifth centuries this title and its logical results became prominent." And he adds, "the simple question is whether the clear light" of these centuries "may be fairly taken to interpret to us the dim, though definite outlines traced in the preceding." To me it is very wonderful that Archbishop Benson, who had doubtless read the Cardinal, and was acquainted with his reasoning, has never once considered that "simple question." Nor, unless by his own remarkable assumption of quasi-Papal prerogatives in dealing with the Bishop of Lincoln, has he intimated the process to be followed when a Bishop is charged with offences against the Catholic Tradition.

If unity in faith and communion in brotherhood are to be preserved, we shall find ourselves admitting some kind of tribunal from which there is no appeal—the Royal or the Papal supremacy, the judgment of a Synod, or the decision of a Court of law. In every case, we go beyond the word of St. Cyprian; or we interpret and define his "One Episcopate" as having within it some governing power to which individual bishops must bow down. Without sovereignty government is a fiction. And it is certainly instructive to notice how the course of events, the British Colonial Empire, and the consequent multiplying of churches in many lands, have obliged the Archbishop of Canterbury to proceed as though he were an Anglican Pope. On the other hand, Leo XIII., like his predecessors of the same name, makes his supremacy to rest upon a charter to which he points in the New Testament, and a tradition the chief outlines of which may be traced as far back as Irenæus and the sub-Apostolic age. WILLIAM BARRY.

THE SECRET ROSE.*

"Although I wrote these stories at different times and in different manners, and without any definite plan, they have but one subject, the war of spiritual with natural order," says Mr. Yeats. So, at the very outset, he points dull readers to their inner meaning. This is a pity, just because the allegory is so little obvious. One can think of the stories delighting yet giving no hint of a moral, for which the "different times," the "different manners," are to be thanked, and, most of all, Mr. Yeats's artistic sense. But as there is a well-founded prejudice against allegories, it should be insisted on, in any recommendation of these, that they bear excellently the test of all good symbolism, namely, that the qualities of its outer garment shall sufficiently justify its existence. The underlying truth is there, because it lies always at the base of Mr. Yeats's House of Life, and whenever he builds, of whatever stuff and pattern, he must build on that.

If the sap of your life be drained by spiritual and visionary demands, it is a poor chance you have of prospering, or even of living meritoriously in the world of common men. In a more arrogant form Villiers de l'Isle Adam puts the converse, and it is one of the mottoes of the book—"As for living, our servants will do that for us." There is the theme, then, the recognition of an allegiance to something other than the worldly and moral powers and principalities that ordain and rule and reward in accordance with the tried experience of men. "O Aodh, promise me to sing the song out before the morning, whether we overcome them or they overcome us," says the young Queen to the bard, amid the havoc of war and slaughter." The far vision was nearer than the horrors encompassing her body. She is of the kin of this people, this sparse and scattered people, "who have come but seldom into the world, and always for its trouble, and to bind the hearts of men with a leash of mystery; the dreamers who must do what they dream, the doers who must dream what they do." "Men of verse," says the wise King who had discovered his lonely greatness, "why did you make me sin against the secrecy of wisdom, for law was made by man for the welfare of man, but wisdom the gods have made, and no man shall live by its light, for it and the hail and the rain and the thunder follow a way that is deadly to mortal things." Then he set out to find his kindred.

It would be easy to classify the stories in accordance with their artistic merits, which are so various that one might reach with grumbling to a third-best section. But, save to mention that the moods are almost as varied as in "The Celtic Twilight," a comparison between the stories or between them and their predecessors is not the most profitable work of a reviewer. Mr. Yeats's abundant humour

* "The Secret Rose." By W. B. Yeats. With Illustrations by J. B. Yeats. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

is not wanting in the tales of Hanrahan the Red, and we find it softened to a gentle irony in "Out of the Rose," which might be a page out of "Don Quixote," and in "The Heart of the Spring." That is no unexpected quality, though his reputation rests rather on his visionary suggestions. One has noted before, too, but the power of it is growing in him, the frequent association of spiritual truth with familiar circumstance. This is the sign of the effective poet, of the poet with vigour in his imaginings. The great secret was whispered to the old magician in "The Heart of the Spring," by "one who wore a red cap, and whose lips were white with the froth of the new milk."

To me the best are the six that tell the story of Hanrahan the Red. Hanrahan is a very distinct and special human being, a hedge schoolmaster and a poet and a ne'er-do-well, too much himself to be just like any other hedge-schoolmaster, poet, or ne'er-do-well. But I doubt if ever the poet's history has been set forth with such proud truth before, without fear of the world for his shortcomings, without seeking its favour for this "ruler of the dreams of men." Hanrahan is very vain, and he loves notoriety; he is of evil repute, yet an excellent fellow withal in his convenient moods. He is drunken very often with the Brew of the Little Pot, and sometimes with dreams. He sells the Book of Wisdom for a pig, the pig for whisky, and after being disgracefully intoxicated has a night of splendid ecstasy. The Powers "passed through his dreams crowned with rubies, and having roses in their hands; and in the morning he awoke, a rough-clad peasant, shivering on the earthen floor." This episode is followed by his making unscrupulous love—and being ignominiously defeated by her careful elders—to a young girl. He is the king of lovers, if constancy be not asked for. In truth, Cluna of the Wave, an immortal, sought him, but she was repulsed, for the earthly temper was on him then. A vagabond, with a "devil in the soles of his feet," a humorous rascal, who teaches English out of "The Lives of Celebrated Rogues and Rapperees," he uses his school-children as mediums by which to widen the sound and the fame of his terrible satires, yet is he beloved of women young and old, and much dependent in his tamer moods on human shelter and sympathy. No one can curse more bitterly his enemies, yet while lamenting his own insults, as in the songs he made out of the grotesque story of the "Twisting of the Rope," his mind reaches beyond himself: "as he made them his dreams deepened and changed until he was singing about the twisting of the Rope of Human Sorrows." His last days were black misery pierced by visions of eternal beauty. But by degrees the body made fewer demands on him, and "it was as though he became incorporate with some more poignant and fragile world, whose march-lands are the intense colours and silences of this world." He died a sordid outcast, ministered to by a mad vagrant. When his body was found it was given a great burying. And so let us all be grateful for the limitation of our gifts that keeps us in safe paths. And, likewise, may all poets find some time an interpreter of such brave sympathy as this initiate of "The Secret Rose."

The tales are clear and simple on the outside, as if for children's eyes, wise and beautiful on the inner side, with a dangerous wisdom and beauty; for their sweet and bitter secrets do not feed this world's strength. But they will only call fatally to a few. The rest of us, if we linger and wonder as at an entertainment, will then go our cheerful, prudent ways, with apologies to the world for an hour of idle, alien dreaming. A. M.

THREE CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

Prof. Jebb will receive the warm congratulations of all lovers of learning on the completion, after thirteen years' labour, of a great work. His edition of Sophocles, of which the Ajax is the concluding volume, places him not merely in the first rank of living scholars, but among the very few whose reputation, like that of a Bentley or a Scaliger, will be confirmed by the verdict of posterity. It is not a work written to captivate or dazzle for the moment, but it exhibits throughout, along with rare poetical sympathy, that care, judgment, and sobriety without which no commentary on Sophocles can be adequate or lasting. The editor, in fact, unites two qualities which are not often found together; he is at once brilliant and safe. Indeed he handles difficult problems with such sure mastery that nine out of ten of them cease to be problems at all, and, though some of his conclusions may be questioned and corrected, yet on the whole it may fairly be said that where he has reaped those who come after him will find but little to glean.

One great fault, however, the edition certainly has. It is too large. An edition in seven volumes and which costs over four guineas is not suited either to the purse or perseverance of many students. It would be of immense service to most of those engaged in classical work to have it in an abridged form, nor need such an abridgement involve mutilation. It would only be necessary to cut out certain special parts, while leaving what is of general interest intact. For example, the metrical analysis of lyric passages, which takes up much space and involves the use of diagrams as complex as a combined figure in skating must be "caviare to the general," and the same may be said of five-sixths of the elaborate *apparatus criticus*. But above all the prose translation, which now faces the text, should be either removed entirely or relegated to a separate volume. For scholars a translation is needless; for students it is injurious, and only the more injurious because in this case the reputation of the writer and the intrinsic excellence of the work secure for it almost the position of an "authorised version." The result, as every examiner or schoolmaster knows, is that it is becoming quite rare to get an independent rendering of any part of Sophocles, while in difficult passages some *réchauffé* of Prof. Jebb is always served up, so that all that training in style which the effort to translate secures, and which is one of the great advantages of a classical education, is almost wholly destroyed. Moreover no translation satisfies. In any truly artistic composition there is often a certain many-sided suggestiveness in the original which calls up different ideas in different minds, whereas a translator is almost compelled to fix and, as it were, stereotype the meaning so that it admits of no variety of interpretation and no change of light or position can any longer bring out fresh beauties.

In a brief review it is impossible to illustrate the subject at length, but, if any one will turn to the great speech of Ajax (430-480) and look at these concluding lines, he will find much to justify what has been said.

τί γὰρ παρ' ἦμαρ ἡμέρα τέρπειν ἔχει
προσθεῖσα κἀναθεῖσα τον γε κατθανεῖν;
οὐκ ἂν πριαίμην οὐδένος λόγου βροτόν,
ὅστις κεναῖσιν ἐλπίσιν θερμαίνεται.
ἀλλ' ἢ καλῶς ζῆν ἢ καλῶς τεθνηκέναι
τὸν εὐγενῆ χρὴ πάντ' ἀκήκοας λογόν.

Here Prof. Jebb begins: "What joy is there in day following day,—now pushing us forward, now drawing us back, on the verge—of death?" Now the phrases "pushing forward" and "drawing back" clearly suggest the moving of pieces on a board in some game, but this idea, though possibly present, is certainly not prominent in the Greek; the "verge" of death introduces a fresh and incongruous image, while the very striking repetition of the same syllables in προσθεῖσα and ἀναθεῖσα is wholly ignored, although, following παρ' ἦμαρ ἡμέρα, this repetition is obviously designed to emphasize the weary monotony of life (see Ecclesiastes i. 9). Again we have, in the fourth line, "the man who feels the glow of idle hopes," although the word "glow" rather implies the idea of health, whereas θερμάίνεται may equally call up the ideas of fever or intoxication, and the poet's meaning is thus unfairly limited by the translation. Finally, in the last line we find, "Nay, one of generous strain should nobly live, or forthwith nobly die," a rendering which effectually conceals the thought of Sophocles, for in the *last* line of Tecmessa's answer she alludes to these very words, and the word εὐγενὴς is repeated, but receives a different rendering, and the allusion is therefore lost, although in it lies the gist of the speech. The conclusion of Ajax is "in my sad plight one who is

* "The Ajax of Sophocles." Edited by Prof. Jebb, M.P. pp. lxxiii., 258. 12s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)
"The Greek View of Life." By G. Lowes Dickinson. University Extension Series. pp. 233. (Methuen and Co.)
"Handbook of Greek Constitutional History." By A. H. J. Greenidge. pp. 276. 5s. (Macmillan and Co.)

noble should die"; the conclusion of Tecmessa is "for one who has wife and child it is *noble* to live." A fairly diligent student might discover this for himself, but with the translation under his eyes is almost sure to miss it.

Mr. Dickinson's volume is very pleasing evidence of the great ability and care which is now devoted to University Extension Lectures. To explain the "Greek view of life" to those who know no Greek so as to be at once clear, concise, and interesting is no easy task. The artisan in a manufacturing town to-day is almost as complete an antithesis to an Athenian citizen of the time of Pericles as his smoke-laden atmosphere is to the "glowing sky" of Greece, yet Mr. Dickinson rightly holds that the one may learn something from the other, and in four lucid chapters he puts forward the "Greek view of Religion," of "the State," of "the Individual," and "of Art"; illustrating it throughout with admirably chosen extracts from Greek literature. He fully recognises that the Greek ideal was one which could only be realised for a time under rare and peculiar conditions. A religion in which "there was no church, no creed, no articles," which found its expression "in ritual and art, not in propositions," and which was rather a plan for living without getting into trouble with the higher powers than a preparation for death, could not long face the attacks of criticism and the stern realities of existence. The conception of the State as a small community, far less than most English counties, in which each citizen was united to all by a "conscious identity of interest," while to take a part in public life was "a necessary and essential phase of the existence of a complete man," was a conception which, however noble, still prevented the Greeks from ever attaining that larger national unity, without which no people can long retain independence. The theory that for the individual the first duty is "not self-repression, but self-development," and that those only can reach the aim and end of life who possess "a beautiful soul in a beautiful body," in addition to solid surroundings of "external goods," is a theory which can have no relation to the great bulk of humanity, and even in Greece could only be maintained by ignoring the large majority of the population who were slaves. None the less, although the ideal was impossible, yet the tendency of modern times is so much to run to an opposite extreme, religion has so often neglected this life in favour of another, the State by its very vastness so dwarfs the single citizen, the individual has to struggle so hard for mere existence, that the study of an entirely different body of conceptions may perhaps modify our own complete satisfaction with ourselves. In any case the period which Mr. Dickinson discusses—"that fairest and happiest halting-place in the secular march of man"—is so interesting that some knowledge of the views then prevalent is essential to a liberal education, while even professed scholars will read with profit the singularly clear and suggestive criticisms to be found in this small volume.

It is not necessary to refer at length to the "Handbook of Greek Constitutional History" which Mr. Greenidge contributes to the series of "Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities" published by Macmillan. The Greek States were so numerous, so small, so shifting in their character, and our information about many of them is so slight, that a history of their constitutions must necessarily be extremely complex and of comparatively little interest to those who have not some special reason for studying the subject. Those who have such reason will find the book full of well-arranged and carefully verified information, while the chapters on Athens and Sparta will be of service to all students, but not one person in a thousand will care to read six closely printed pages on the obscure magistrates and institutions of Crete. Nor, finally, is the writer's style attractive enough to allure the average reader into these by-paths of learning, but recalls too often the note-book and the lecture-room. A single illustration must suffice. The origin of political clubs might have been described in fresh and vivid language, but only the earnest searcher for truth or for marks in examination will pursue the subject through many sentences like the following:—

"The hetæria or band of associates was the usual caucus or nucleus of a party which, first invented by Themistocles to replace the clan-following of the older times, had come by the time of the Peloponnesian war to be a source of political influence which could not be neglected by any statesman."

T. E. PAGE.

MR. GISSING'S NEW STORY.*

"The Whirlpool" is a very serious book. It is an indictment of the way we live now written by a man who is profoundly perturbed as to the outcome of it all. Mr. Gissing has a conscience for the next generation, to whom he thinks we are not playing fair. He would like to be an autocrat, and compel us to live reasonably; only he is far too honest to prescribe any remedy as infallible; and he is even divided in his mind as to where he would like the remedy to lie. The malady is restlessness, in money-getting, in pleasure-seeking. Change and notoriety, and meaningless show are constant needs; homes are growing obsolete, men unmanly, women learning to despise old duties without learning anything compensatory in their stead. Now he looks with hope to the surging up of the brutal fighting instincts, which will send the men, at least, ten ages back in refinement from this hot-bed day of ours. But at bottom he has no faith in salvation by fist and jingoism. Then he would fain head a crusade to the country, to the country towns, to the places where leisure still dwells, where settlement and calm can still make a home. "If I followed my instincts," says Rolfe, in this book, often, I think, a spokesman of Mr. Gissing, "I should make the boy unfit for anything but the quietest, obscurest life. I should make him hate a street, and love the fields. I should teach him to despise every form of ambition; to shrink from every kind of pleasure, but the simplest and purest; to think of life as a long day's ramble, and death as the quiet sleep that comes at the end of it." And then he adds: "If I carried it out, the chances are that I should do him an intolerable wrong." For he knows that the battle-fields of this generation are not in quiet homes with calm and leisure and reasonable content; and that he who chooses these may be not after all the virtuous philosopher, but only the shirker. True, he sends Rolfe back to his beloved sleepy old midland town; but then Rolfe was not a person of abounding energy.

In his exposure of vulgar restlessness he is right a thousand times, even if what he shows be only the underside of a phase of life of extraordinary energy, teeming with mental activity, prolific in experiments, heroic in effort. It is an underside dangerously influential. Mr. Gissing makes no heroes and heroines, but second and third and tenth-rate people; and his themes are how the weak and the vicious, and the hysterical and the stupid are affected by the particular temptations of London to-day. Without being what is euphemistically called "realistic," he contrives to make a very hideous picture of the possibilities of the very ordinary human being. His closest work here is in the portraiture of Alma. Now she appears as the artist, now as the dutiful wife, a disciple of the doctrine of simple living; again as the artist, then as the good mother, always straining herself to the utmost, yet having no self at all—save perhaps a skulking ignoble one, unseen in any of these personations—played on by every passing influence, but obstinate, even unprincipled and audacious in each rôle till it is played out. As wife to a weak, a watchful, and an intensely critical husband, as mother to a sensitive little son, she is a sorry spectacle, but Mr. Gissing, one feels, went out of the right way in making her hiss out a spiteful vengeance on Sybil at the end. Her career would have been instructive enough without that, without even the incident that made her the indirect cause of a murder. While we acknowledge his fine care in the representation, we feel that we are reading a conscientious schoolmaster's report. Over and over again a more sympathetic interpretation occurs to one. For he is a pedant to human nature. Some temperaments when he touches them ring always false or sound flat. No novelist has taken more pains to understand the condition of the average woman's life to-day, to study her ambitions, to mete out to her an austere kind of justice. But the schoolmaster in him is ever deploring their methods, and even while he is holding the scales of justice, and donning

* "The Whirlpool." By George Gissing. 6s. (Lawrence and Pulen.)

the spectacles of understanding, he raps out an ungenerous or a querulous judgment. They hide from his elaborate examination. They refuse to be scheduled. And so the best of his women are not women at all, but illustrations out of a treatise on the times. His faith in education, in methods of upbringing is pathetic. "It remains a doubt," says Morton, a very sensible man in the book, "whether education has any influence worth speaking of." And Rolfe answers, "To me the doubt seems absurd." The whole of Mr. Gissing's dealing with human nature justifies us in thinking Rolfe utters his own views. Life is a black enough thing to him at best. In "The Whirlpool" he is only a little more dismal than usual with regard to marriage and all the other important human affairs. But a good part of his gloom comes from his annoyance that men and women, especially women, do not habitually follow his clear, sane system of development. In his consequent fatigue he writes his reports. But the other side of this elaborate interest in that solemnly fraudulent thing called education must be mentioned, too, a most tender and beautiful love of children, not merely as the anxious hope of the race, but for their own sweet selves. "All pleasures, aims, hopes that concerned himself alone, shrank to the idlest trifling when he realised the immense debt due from him to his son; no possible sacrifice could discharge it. He marvelled how people could insist upon the duty of children to parents."

If, however, you take for granted Mr. Gissing's points of view, there are few faults to be found with his newest book. Like all his best work, and this is his best since "New Grub Street," it is impressive, suggestive, and made out of his brain and his heart; ungracefully conscientious, uncharming because it reflects no joyful, but only dutiful labours; but a real book all the same, and the book of a real man.

A. M.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY ON ROMANCE AND ALLEGORY.*

Literary handbooks increase and multiply. This is the first of a new series of which Professor Saintsbury acts as the general editor. Its distinctive feature is in the attempt to get away from the merely national standpoint, and to treat not of English or French or German literature in their isolation, but of these and others as elements in the larger whole of European literature. We are to have, in fact, a new Hallam, with this difference, that what the earlier scholar attempted single-handed, Professor Saintsbury parcels out amongst a dozen coadjutors, each of whom is made responsible for no more than a century or so. The change of method is no doubt significant, but it would be difficult to say precisely of what; perhaps of less robust and comprehensive learning than that of our fathers, perhaps only of the inevitable tendency to specialism. And while there will probably be some gain in authority and precision of statement, one fears a corresponding loss in unity and consistency of view. But Professor Saintsbury's list of writers includes the names of Professor Ker, Mr. Walter Pollock, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Oliver Elton, and these may reassure us that the work, within its limits, will at least be performed ably and sympathetically. Professor Saintsbury takes for his own share the present volume, which covers the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and a later one on the writers of our own age. I am convinced that it is in the earlier of these two periods that I shall find him most to my personal taste, and above all most disinterested. Early writers he always treats as a scholar; modern writers almost unconsciously as a journalist. And in dealing with the twelfth and thirteenth centuries he comes back to a subject which he has already shown himself admirably qualified to deal with in his excellent and successful "History of French Literature." For as Professor Saintsbury himself points out, the literature of France is throughout these centuries the dominant one over the whole of Europe, not in the French-speaking regions of France and England alone, but by impulse and prerogative in Germany and Italy also.

The general scope of Professor Saintsbury's book will perhaps be best indicated by a recital of the chapter-headings. These are ten: "The Function of Latin," "Chansons de Geste," "The Matter of Britain," "Antiquity in Romance," "The Making of English and the Settlement of European Prosody," "Middle High German Poetry," "The 'Fox,' the 'Rose,' and the Minor Contributions of France," "Icelandic and Provençal," "The Literature of the Peninsulas," "Conclusion." Each of these very extensive topics receives an adequate, though naturally by no means an exhaustive treatment. Both by temperament and for considerations of space Professor Saintsbury inclines to lay stress upon the strictly literary aspect of his subject, rather than upon its philology, either in the narrower or the wider sense. This is as it should be in a series of the kind, and for those who wish for philological detail on any point, liberal references are given to the most recent authorities. There is of course very little space for quotation, and the wiser student will therefore supplement Professor Saintsbury's narrative with a glance at the indicated texts. Perhaps one may single out for special praise the chapter on "The Matter of Britain," which sums up the results of many years study of the Arthurian Romances, and is a most luminous and helpful survey of a subject so complicated as particularly to stand in need of some such mapping out of the field. Incidentally Professor Saintsbury's treatment may serve to correct the somewhat exaggerated estimate of the literary merits of the *chansons de geste* as compared with those of the romances in Professor Ker's recent "Epic and Romance." Did space allow, I would gladly pick a bone with Professor Saintsbury's excursus on prosody, in which he runs a tilt at the accentual theories of English scansion. The exact relation of accent and quantity in English verse is a subject which would repay further investigation than it has yet received, but I cannot think that Professor Saintsbury has stated the problem adequately, and I am quite sure that he has not solved it accurately. In any case it is hardly fair to say that the believers in an accentual rather than a quantitative English rhythm have swallowed the theories of Dr. Guest.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

* "The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory." By George Saintsbury. Periods of European Literature Series. (Blackwood.)

ROBERT THE BRUCE.*

Sir Herbert Maxwell, whose book making industry is quite phenomenal, gives in his new volume a very readable account of the War of Independence, though one which will not perhaps be quite appreciated by fervid patriots, or at least by perfervid lovers of either Wallace or Bruce. There is, indeed, one allusion to Wallace which might have been spared Sir Herbert's readers, inasmuch as it is an attempt to make a mountain of what more likely than not is a molehill. According to the Placita Roll of the army with which Edward the First accomplished the subjugation of Scotland during the nominal reign of John Balliol, Matthew of Paris was accused at the gaol delivery of Perth on August 8th of "entering the house of a woman in company with a thief, one William le Waleys, and robbing her of three shillingsworth of beer." "It is not possible," says Sir Herbert, "to affirm the identity of this le Waleys with the patriot, but it is highly probable." How comes it to be highly probable? The patriot was not the only le Waleys in Scotland. On the contrary, Sir Herbert Maxwell admits that while the future Guardian of Scotland did not sign the Ragman's Roll, three le Waleyses from Ayrshire and one from Berwickshire did. Sir Herbert also seems, for the sake doubtless of literary effect, to make too much of what he considers a violent change from Bruce the assassin and traitor to Wallace and Edward alike, to Bruce the sagacious statesman, the patriotic monarch, and the clement commander. He might, to say the least, have allowed a little for the chastening and ennobling influence of misfortune upon a nature which may have been passionate, but was not necessarily base. When allowances are made, it may be conceded that Sir Herbert has taken full advantage of the discoveries relating to the early history of Scotland which have been made by Scotch and still more by English investigators. But his accounts of the invasions of England

* "Robert the Bruce and the Struggle for National Independence." By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Heroes of the Nations Series. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

by the Scots after the battle of Bannockburn, and of the ill-starred adventure of Edward Bruce in Ireland, are remarkably clear and graphic.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.*

Mr. Putnam has brought his noble task to a worthy conclusion. His first volume dealt mainly with the monasteries and their *scriptoria*, and brought us down to the beginning of the sixteenth century and the early printer-publishers of France. As Mr. Putnam points out, any account of the production and distribution of books during the two centuries immediately succeeding the invention of printing, "must, of necessity, be chiefly devoted to the operations of the printer-publishers of the period." Thus it happens that this present volume deals with the Estiennes of France, Caxton of England, the Kobergers of Nuremberg, Froben of Basel, Plantin of Antwerp, and the Elzevirs of Leyden and Amsterdam. As it happened, a few great scholars of the time had also special influence on the development of the new art, and Mr. Putnam devotes three chapters to Isaac Casaubon, Erasmus, and Luther.

The printing offices of the middle ages were mainly busied with the production of editions of the Bible, the Greek and Roman classics, the works of the Fathers, and a few philosophical and legal treatises. With the Reformation a new impetus was given; a new reading public arose, and to meet their demands for cheap literature the pamphlet and the *Flugschriften*, or fly-leaf literature, came into existence. These brought about the censorship (ecclesiastical and civil) of the press, with its consequent *Indices Expurgatorii*. As the influence of the Reformation became more marked, and the effects of the Renaissance extended and deepened, and finally gave birth to a contemporary literature, the printers forsook the older works, and took to printing the new literature of the enlightenment. Whereas before, printers themselves selected what the public was to read, the time had now come when they were compelled to produce what the people wanted, and what the people wanted was quickly made known by the poets, historians, theologians, and philosophers who came after the great revivals in religion and learning.

Mr. Putnam, with a care truly astonishing, traces the growth of this story in all its details. He is so anxious to omit nothing that he often repeats himself; but in a work which will not be read consecutively, but used for reference largely, such repetition is perhaps a gain.

We have little to say for Mr. Putnam's volume that is not in its praise. An exhaustive treatment of it would, we are convinced, but make more evident its many good qualities. We have tested it in several instances, only to find it admirable alike in its presentation of facts and in the faithfulness of the record of the facts themselves.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

* "Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages." By G. H. Putnam. Vol. II. 1500-1709. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE BRONTËS: FACT AND FICTION.*

Mr. Mackay's little book about the Brontës is mainly concerned with two questions. First, did Charlotte Brontë lose her heart to a Belgian dominie at Brussels? Next, what is the historical value of Dr. Wright's entertaining book about the Brontë Family in Ireland? There can be only one reason for discussing the former problem. Perhaps a critic may ask himself, Are Miss Brontë's pictures of unhappy passion suggested merely by fancy and observation of other distressed ladies, or are they coloured by her own experience "of love that never found his earthly close"? The enigma has a certain curious interest, as a question concerned with "the mechanism of genius." But I confess that I do not care to pry into the most sacred intimacy of a lady whose husband is still alive, and whose surviving friends have feelings to be considered. The curious may turn to Mr. Mackay's pages for themselves. They are well reasoned. As to Dr. Wright's book, Mr. Mackay blames the critics for universally accepting its narrative. But I remember that, for one, I myself urged a number of difficulties, geographical, genealogical, historical, and ethical. Dr. Wright replied. There was a correspondence, in what periodical I cannot recollect.

Mr. Mackay very judiciously prints a genealogical chart of the ancestral Brontës, as he gathers their dates and affinities from Dr. Wright. I quote the Family Tree.

HUGH BRONTË I. (*the Founder*).
Settled in a house and farm near Drogheda, shortly after the Battle of the Boyne, say 1690.

- A large family, including Hugh II.'s father, name unknown; born *circa* 1710 (?); settled in south of Ireland, *circa* 1735.
  - A large family, including
  - Hugh II. (the Paragon); born *circa* 1745 (p. 23): lived in south of Ireland, 174-51750; lived with Welsh at Drogheda, 1750-1761; settled in County Down, 1761-18—.
    - Married Alice McClory, 1776.
      - Patrick *b.* 1777. — The novelists, born between 1813 and 1820.
      - William *b.* 1779.
      - Hugh III. (the Giant) *b.* 1781.
      - James *b.* 1783.
      - Welsh *b.* 1786.
      - Jane *b.* 1789.
      - Mary *b.* 1791.
      - Rose
      - Sarah
      - Alice *b.* 1800 (?) *d.* 1890.
- Mary, born *circa* 1715; married the villain Welsh, *circa* 1735; lived in or near Drogheda.

Dr. Wright urges that his dates are but vaguely approximate. Mr. Mackay does not believe in most of the *facts*, but the facts demand these dates, these, or nearly these. The facts, as given by Dr. Wright, are now as well known as romantic, and are said to have suggested "Wuthering Heights." The story comes, it seems, from Hugh II., and Mr. Mackay points out that, if Hugh II. is right, Hugh I. must have begun to beget his large family when he was about eighty. The wild improbabilities of the relations of Hugh II. and Welsh are merely accounted for by the oddity of all Brontës. Then Welsh only becomes a father about thirty years after his marriage. So Mr. Mackay goes on, and Dr. Wright's reply will be awaited with interest. His article in THE BOOKMAN of February does not satisfy his critic. "The wonderful Brontë who first settled in the south of Ireland had a large family by 1745, and then went on begetting children for nearly sixty years longer. This is the conclusion to which Dr. Wright's contentions lead us, and there is no escape from it." Mr. Mackay decides that "the stories are not true, and it seems now equally certain that it was not Hugh II. who propagated them." The ghost stories of Hugh III. suffer terribly from Mr. Mackay, and certainly will not satisfy the S.P.R. The legend of the celebrated Avenger, Hugh III., who wanted to destroy the *Quarterly* reviewer of "Jane Eyre," is said not to contain "a word of truth." Mr. Murray never heard of it, there is no record of it; I can vouch for a total dearth of allusions to it in Lockhart's letters to his daughter; but I have not seen his letters to Mr. Murray. Mr. George Smith knows nothing of it;

* "The Brontës: Fact and Fiction." By Angus Mackay, B.A. (Service and Paton, London. 1897.)

Hugh's visits to the Museum reading-room are not in the Museum record. "Jane Eyre" was reviewed, in the *Quarterly*, in December, 1848. "Shortly after February, 1849, Charlotte knew that Miss Rigby was the reviewer." But Dr. Wright argues that Hugh III. arrived at Haworth, with his club, before Christmas, 1848, and left England, *brédouille*, before the end of January, 1849. Now Emily died, Dec. 19th, 1848, Anne was very ill, Hugh says nothing of this, his nieces say nothing about his inopportune visit. Mr. Mackay does not think that Anne really encouraged Hugh in his purpose of slaying the reviewer. Perhaps Anne did not expect Hugh to go so far, but it is a very improbable story, at the least. Old Mr. Brontë sent to Hugh a copy of a *cheap* "Jane Eyre" in January, 1853, saying, "This is the first work published by my daughter under the fictitious name of Currer Bell," and added explanations quite needless, being already well known to the Avenger, if the Avenger story is true. Old Mr. Brontë (*teste* Charlotte) did not even know of the *Quarterly* review, ten months after date. Yet how could he avoid knowing of it, if the Avenger came over to Haworth as soon as the review appeared? Then we are told that the old parson took Hugh to a prize-fight, "almost before his daughter Emily was cold in her grave." The niece and grand-niece of the Avenger never heard the tale, "nor do we believe it." Dr. Wright may be able to explain these circumstances; we can only wait. As to my own old opinion that the editor of the *Quarterly* had inserted the offensive passages in the review of "Jane Eyre," my discovery of Lockhart's letter on the subject of course altered my view. The real wonder is that Lockhart allowed the article to appear as Miss Rigby wrote it, so enthusiastic—too enthusiastic—was his admiration of the novel.

Mr. Mackay's book confirms the doubts which I expressed when Dr. Wright's book first appeared. We cannot, of course, expect history from the lips of mere tradition, but the origin of these legends seems to need exploration. Dr. Wright is obviously sincere in his beliefs; *he* did not invent the stories, and the exact history of their growth in the popular fancy would be of curious interest. When Hugh III. is made to say that his grandfather, Hugh I., suffered, somehow, under George III., we may suspect a misprint. George I. must be intended, if any George, and, if so, some anachronisms will disappear, and some miracles with them. The Avenger story, being modern, is the most difficult to explain, and even the oddity of the Brontës hardly makes the contradictory circumstances intelligible. No letters from Mr. Murray to Lockhart on the subject exist at Abbotsford.

ANDREW LANG.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF GOETHE'S FAUST.*

Mr. McLintock is a very resolute heretic. So convinced is he that the "so-called Second Part of *Faust*" was a futile afterthought, a negligeable appendage to the tragedy of Faust and Gretchen, that he will scarcely permit Goethe himself to know his own mind. The present volume is a translation of what the vulgar know as the First Part, preceded with an Introduction and elucidated by notes which apparently aim, before all things, at demonstrating this view of its relation to the second. Mr. McLintock damages his case by over-statement. No one denies that the Second Part belongs, as a whole, to a phase of Goethe's life nearly a quarter of a century later than the first; or that it is pervaded by the allegoric or symbolic tendencies of his "Romantic" period, and affected by the enfeebled vitality of old age. It mirrors at many points the Germany of 1825-30, not that of 1775-1800. But that does not prevent its supplying an absolutely indispensable completion to the powerful torso of 1808, and one which, in its elementary outline, Goethe beyond question designed before that date. Mr. McLintock makes a great point of the Göchhausen transcript, discovered in 1886, of the first draft of the First Part made in or about 1772. What does this prove? That Goethe's first scheme of the story was less removed than even the earliest published version (the "Fragment" of 1790) from the Faust of Marlowe and the *Volksbuch*, who after a "damnable life" meets with a "deserved death," and is carried off to Hell by Mephistopheles, to the edification of all God-fearing beholders. Who doubts it? From this primitive conception, Goethe steadily withdrew; under the influence of Schiller, he infused more and more of ideal and intellectual content into Faust's personality, the vast aspirations of Germanic Humanism took possession of the enterprising necromancer of Wittenberg. To permit such a Faust to be finally carried off by Mephistopheles was repugnant to Goethe's profound optimism. His final deliverance was accordingly provided for by the wager which, in the final version of the First Part, accompanies the compact. Moreover, not only was the solution already planned, but the *Helena*, which now forms the third act of the Second Part, was already in great part written, and recognised, alike by Goethe and by Schiller, as the determining centre of the whole subsequent Faust story (*cf.* Schiller to Goethe, September 23rd, 1800). Mr. McLintock is very angry with Goethe for thus modifying his original plan, and, as he pleasantly puts it, "drawing a red herring across the older trail," to prevent the reader from scenting it out. But it is no use quarrelling with facts; and if he takes this view of them he would surely have acted more logically had he chosen to translate, not this finished or "red-herring" Faust, but the rude prose Transcript which most nearly approaches his ideal. We hasten to add that Mr. McLintock has, in fact, appended to his text many important passages from this Transcript, and thereby rendered a considerable service to the English reader of *Faust*. He has also—but here we are less sure of the service—translated the fragmentary scenes known as the *Paralipomena* to *Faust*. One of these, the two devils and Amor, must belong, we think, to the Second Part. How could such a figure as Amor stray from the classical myth-world into goodwife Martha's garden, as Mr. McLintock will have it? Surely this piquant juxtaposition of figures from classical and romantic myth can only have belonged (as v. Loeper suggested) to the Second Part. The Satan-scenes, with their methodic and conscientious obscenity, might fairly have been left to the student of the original.

As for the translation at large, we are constrained to say that the immense pains evidently and inevitably spent upon it might have been better spent. We speak feelingly, and not without some knowledge of the exultations and the agonies of the translation in verse; but we cannot see that this new translation of *Faust* surpasses, as a new translation clearly should, the best of its predecessors, either in fidelity or in literary power. Bayard Taylor's version, for instance, has weaknesses enough, and is, on the whole, the work of a talented versifier, not of a poet; but Mr. McLintock not seldom hobbles to a result not nearer even to the letter of the original, and often further from its spirit than Taylor. Compare their respective versions of the fine outburst of the poet in the prologue.

Taylor:

"Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,
Whom but to see puts out the fire of song!
Hide from my view the surging throng that passes,
And in its whirlpool forces us along!
No, lead me where some heavenly silence glasses
The purer joys that round the poet throng,—
Where Love and Friendship still divinely fashion
The bonds that bless, the wreaths that crown his passion!"

Mr. McLintock:

"Ah! of yon motley throng remind me never!
At sight of it our finer spirit dies.
Hide from my view that weltering waste that ever
Down to its vortex draws our will to rise!
For some calm bay of heaven let me endeavour,
Where joy pure-blooming glads the poet's eyes,
Where love and friendship, shaping and caressing
With godlike hands, make rich the heart with blessing."

Now this, it is true, is not altogether bad; but it is hardly good enough to be worth the labour of hatching. This, however, we willingly say for Mr. McLintock, that his version, so far as we have tested it, shows no defect of scholarship. Indeed, we cannot but think he would have been better advised had he simply edited the drama, with the transcript; and with his Introduction and Notes, which show a large and minute acquaintance with Goethe literature.

C. H. HERFORD.

* "Goethe's Faust" (the so-called First Part). In English, with Introduction and Notes. By R. McLintock. (Nutt.)

SCHOPENHAUER ON HUMAN NATURE.*

Schopenhauer was nearly always dealing with human nature, and as a living, suffering organism, too, not merely as a subject for anatomical study. That has given him his philosophical influence, and not feats in logic or intellectual subtlety. The essays translated here are no rigid summary of his views; they only contain scraps of them. On the whole they seem more insubstantial, more in want of a commentator of full knowledge, than those former volumes for which we are so much indebted to Mr. Bailey Saunders. But their subjects touch human concerns even more nearly, and they illustrate at least the sage's fitful methods, the sudden darkening and lightening of his vision of life. Schopenhauer is read because he vivified his philosophical investigations by a poet's sense of the tragedy of existence. But it was in life itself he sharpened this sense, and if in the sharpening process he became wonderfully shrewd, he was often chafed and irritated. His melancholy wisdom and his temper need disentangling sometimes.

His themes here are, that fate in pre-natal times weaves a man's character; that character is all-important, intellect only presenting motives to the will; that man's instincts are primarily bad and cruel and selfish; but that by extending this very selfish instinct, and by identifying other persons' interests with his, and seeing his own likeness in the rest of the race, the altruism is born which makes for good. Here is the brief summary of an old theme of his.

> "The source of *good* and of *bad character*, so far as we have any real knowledge of it, lies in this, that with the bad character the thoughts of the external world, and especially of the living creatures in it, is accompanied—all the more, the greater the resemblance between them and the individual self—by a constant feeling of *Not I, not I, not I*. Contrarily, with the good character (both being assumed to exist in a high degree) the same thought has for its accompaniment, like a fundamental bass, a constant feeling of *I, I, I*,"

His explanation of the meaning of perfect love and sacrifice leaves a great gap; but these essays are less essays than notes, and do not pretend to completeness.

He meets the question that, since a man's "moral character" remains absolutely the same throughout life. . . . What is the meaning of life at all? with

> "It is played that a man may come to understand himself, that he may see what it is that he seeks and has sought to be; what he wants, and what, therefore, he is. This is a knowledge which must be imparted to him from without. . . . Life is the manifestation of character. . . . Life is the proof-sheet, in which the compositors' errors are brought to light."

That a man should work his capacities out to the full, since he cannot alter his character; and that conduct, not thinking, is everything in life, may be an erroneous, but it is not a slack-jointed attitude to existence.

On political government there are pithy, if not very original sayings, his point of view being, of course, a highly individual and aristocratic one. He regards the opinion that the "State is the supreme end and flower of human existence" as the "apotheosis of Philistinism;' that "ideal constitutions remain an asymptote . . . and resemble the stones of a mosaic rather than the delicate shading in a picture;" that if the freedom of the press be a safety-valve, it may also be "regarded as a permission to sell poison," and "should be governed by a very strict prohibition of all and every incongruity."

His snappy utterances may be endured patiently: for he usually contradicts them. As usual he has a fling at modesty, "a virtue invented on behalf of dull and commonplace people." One might translate modesty into a living sense of the ideal before which one's efforts are seen in due proportion; and that no dull and commonplace person can cherish; but he supplies something like a defence himself in his praise of the kindred virtue of poverty of spirit. Personal irritation fed this attack, as it did the other one on America, which he characterises as "a union of stupid Anglican bigotry, foolish prejudice, coarse brutality, and a childish veneration of women." These are trivial. What is not trivial, and what is mischievous in connection with his other teaching, is his reiterated denial of the influence of reason on moral sentiments. Kant was at least much nearer the truth; and Schopenhauer's upholding of his opinion by saying that many clever men are rogues, is commonplace and feeble. His mistake lies in limiting the meaning of reason to something the slow counsel of which can be distinctly and intellectually traced by each man endowed with it. The "better consciousness" he speaks of is reason in one of its most ordinary manifestations. But these few extracts bearing on a weighty subject are not a fair basis for a full discussion of the subject.

Of his profound, if fitful insight into human nature, the book shows several striking examples; two may be pointed out as beacons to the inquiring reader. One will appeal to and test his knowledge of the world—can he deny it?—that

> "right is of a nature analogous to that of certain chemical substances, which cannot be exhibited in a pure and isolated condition, but at the most only with a small admixture of some other substance, which serves as a vehicle for them, or gives them the necessary consistency. . . . Birthright of every description, all heritable privileges, every form of national religion, and so on, may be regarded as the necessary chemical base or alloy; inasmuch as it is only when right has some such firm and actual foundation that it can be enforced and consistently indicated."

Another suggestive passage that stands out in our memory, is his declaration of the eternal kinship between genius and sanctity.

* "On Human Nature." Essays (partly posthumous) on Ethics and Politics. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and translated by T. Bailey Saunders. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

MR. JAMES'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. James's success here defies clear explanation. It seems far more individual, as well as more striking, than his art. Another might rival him in the production of something costly and fine out of materials few and meagre. But his temperament, which is ever hovering between its kinship with the solid and the light, counts for much; and this story, which in any other hands could only have been clever and amusing, turns unexpectedly into something substantial and permanent. Our one discontent with it must express itself as a desire that Mr. James, who has at his command so perfect and limpid a style for analytical narrative, would not cultivate his tendency to rival Mr. Meredith in the avoidance of obvious constructions.

One almost maligns the worth of "The Spoils of Poynton" in mentioning the frivolous structure on which it supports nearly three hundred pages. A woman of supreme good taste, with a genius for making a house a haven of harmony, finds herself face to face with the ugly fact that her son is about to marry an arch-Philistine, for whom she must give way. She is a woman of spirit and will, and the situation is intolerable. Red rioting revolt is her weapon; she walks off with the pick of the collection, and with her born genius for arrangement, creates another haven of harmony in the small dower-house at Ricks. The negotiations between her and her son—a stupid, inarticulate, handsome, and charming young man—make inimitable comedy. His enthusiasm for Poynton had not been wild, as it had never been intelligent; he was a most gentlemanly, if not a tender, son; but he is being prodded by the Philistine fiancée, who has no loving eye for the things, but smells their value, and is of the order that will fight to the death for material rights. His sense of fair-play to her mingles with a desire to respect his mother, even though she is a bold marauder; his disgust at Philistine greed is aided by his new-awakened love and admiration for the girl of finer fibre, the beloved of his mother; to whom Poynton and its spoils would have been surrendered with the best grace in the world, and again hindered by the fine-souled girl's hurling him back on his fair-play instincts. The result is that decorous farce, in which Mr. James is unsurpassable. The vigorous shoving onslaught of the Philistine family, the brave holding out of the bold marauder, are a joy to witness. We back the Philistines all through; for the marauder has but a poor ally in Fleda. She is not even an ally in the marauding, only in artistic appreciation, and in a secret adoration of the stupid and charming young man; and the strength from these is undermined by a terribly

* "The Spoils of Poynton." By Henry James. 6s. (Heinemann)

active conscience and a sense of refinement which inconveniently goes far beyond the æsthetic region, and pervades her whole being. The Philistines rollick into victory, of course; and after all one cannot feel a very keen regret for the stupid Owen's fate.

But otherwise, too, the day is theirs—till we look back on the story. The Brigstock family, Mona in particular, and Owen, the distressed owner of Poynton, are triumphs. Mrs. Gereth is a perfect embodiment of a point of view, the point of view that intelligent appreciation should give proprietary rights, but rather shadowy, more humanly considered. Fleda fades a little dimly into the finenesses of her soul. But Mona and Owen are as living as they are loud and fresh coloured. They both impressed Fleda with their abounding vitality, on which brains had never made one exhausting demand; she regarded them with no intolerance, even while she rehearsed their graceless confidence, and could "hear, with all vividness, the pretty passage between the pair [regarding the priceless treasures, the inimitable harmonies of the most perfect house in England]. 'Don't you think it's rather jolly, the old shop?' 'Oh, it's all right!' Mona had graciously remarked; and then they had probably, with a slap on a back, run another race up or down a green bank."

Perhaps another would have left it all comedy, and he would probably have been right. But Mr. James's human sympathies, if rather shy, are unconquerably strong. And here comes in his individual power, that in a story, the fun of which makes our eyes glisten, and with whose finer heroine we almost lose patience for a subtle virtue and refinement so much beyond the needs of the case, our last thought is still with her. Her little tragedy, in this setting, comes perilously near to spoiling the story; and yet, after all, we do not resent its stopping our fun, for it gives permanence and the element of the substantial to the graceful, trivial farce.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE EARTH CHILDREN. By Mrs. Stephen Batson. 2s. (Hutchinson.)

There is a good deal of resemblance in rustic tragedies, and this fact should qualify the statement that "The Earth Children" owes something to, and several times recalls, a greater Wessex story, "Tess." But Lil's environment, the character of her lover and husband, her flight from him, her wanderings through Wessex in search of work, the return of the faithful Dick, her murder of the wicked Drury, and the tender scenes between Dick and herself before the arrival of the policemen, do bring the other to one's mind too often; and Mrs. Batson's story suffers accordingly, good as it is, and individual as are its merits. Lil is no Tess. She is a more rustic, more shrewish, more exacting young woman, yet lively and pleasant in her better moods. Dick is a stauncher, simpler soul than Angel Clare, but about the meretricious Drury, agent for the far-famed sheepwash, there is something that unpleasantly recalls Alec D'Urberville. It is a drawback to be reminded every now and again of an incident or a character that a master has already used for similar purposes. But Mrs. Batson gives plenty of her own. The elderly love-scene between Biram and Chrissy, with its comic cross-purpose dialogue on dahlias and children; and the later passage where the lovers, forgetting the fatal deed, in calling up all the childish follies of their courtship when they were boy and girl at the village school, have genuine tenderness and humour. Mrs. Batson speaks of rustic comedy and tragedy by natural right of sympathy and watchful experience.

THE MASSARENES. By Ouida. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

"Ouida" here lashes the sins and follies of Society—very high society, of course; the chief lady-villain is accustomed to walk about in Homburg with the King of Greece on one side of her and the Duc d' Orleans on the other. She lives in an exceedingly corrupt world in London, has a disreputable noble husband, and is noble and gracefully disreputable herself. All the vices that extravagant habits and constant impecuniosity can breed are hers. When in desperate straits she hangs on to the impossible new millionaires from Kerosene City, N. Dakota; and for very substantial wages she agrees to convince the finest society that these dreadful people are not only possible but absolutely must be swallowed. But Massarene, the millionaire, was never robbed or humbugged in his life, and he makes her pay in more than society favour. The story is a very ugly one; and her career is studded with others as bad. One stumbling-block in her path is Massarene's daughter. In spite of her birth the girl might have been the daughter of kings—Ouida knows how to make them such—but she has no vulgar ambitions. This singular and meritorious young woman "preferred to be alone in the music-room, with her violin and harmonium, or in the library comparing Jowett's Dialogues with the original." Needless to say, the lady-villain's plans are a good deal upset by the heiress's charitable disposal of the wealth so soon as it comes into her keeping, and, of course, virtue is rewarded by marriage with a high-minded nobleman. It is a pitiful confession to make; but at no point are we deeply indignant at the condition of things Ouida exposes. Perhaps never are we quite convinced that they just happened so. Yet in a rough-and-ready, exaggerated fashion she lashes sins that do exist, and we can only hope her satire will do some of the good it evidently intends. It is not going out of one's way to remark that though Ouida's popularity may have been lessened by the tremendous success of Miss Corelli, in intellectual merits, in imaginative and structural faculties, as well as in versatility, she still keeps far ahead of that beloved-of-the-nations disciple and rival. But the book provokes one protest from even an easy-going reader. Let her lash "Society" if she likes. Let her slander it, if she will only leave children alone. There may be detestable little atoms among them; but she has invented the cynical, evil-minded worldling of four. Happily it is not in her power to make the little monster live.

THAT AFFAIR NEXT DOOR. By A. K. Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs). (Putnams.)

The hand of the authoress of "The Leavenworth Case" has not lost its cunning. It still weaves meshes and mazes that only itself can disentangle. To this story of a crime we have given all our poor wits, and we must confess that we should have been miserable assistants to the wonderful detective Gryce, or to the still more astute Miss Butterworth. We never lost interest for a moment; we guessed and guessed, proud to be ever so little right, but nearly always proved wrong. Among detective stories it is quite in the first rank. It may neither edify nor elevate you, but it will certainly keep you amused and awake.

COUSIN JEM. A Sepia Sketch. By L. Higgin. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

There is a chance thrown away here. What a "Sepia Sketch" in fiction may be we don't know. Perhaps something dull and nondescript, for Cousin Jem is that, of no use at all save as a bank on whom the impecunious personages of the story draw for money. That money of his has led the author far on the wrong road, tempting her to get hold of it so that all her poor people may be made comfortable. We don't in the least care for their solid provision in life, and over the happy ending we yawn. But what we do care for is the career of Beryl. Hers is a masterly portrait so far as it goes. The combination of innocence and unscrupulousness, of selfishness and good-nature, of all the qualities of the reckless adventurer with those of the happy, spirited child, is most skilfully managed. And yet Beryl, before the end, is pushed into a corner as a mere minor character. The book should have been made of Beryl. But Miss Higgin does not trust the attractions of excellent work. She drags our attention away to another and quite improbable story of a missing man, whose mother and sweetheart mourn him for years, till the person who had accidentally killed him, and kept silent—very dishonourably, we think—turns up and fulfils the duties of son and husband, respectively, and most respectably.

THE MALADY OF THE CENTURY. By Max Nordau. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Nordau's hero was a German Bhuddist, a lofty and far-seeing man, who did nothing in life because nothing seemed worth while—or, to put the case in more dignified

language than our own: "His absence of volition was but the result of his perception of the vanity of all earthly ambitions, and his absence of desire the outcome of his contempt for all that was worthless and transitory, his aversion to the ways of the world a tragic foregoing of the hope of ever getting behind it, and reaching the eternal root and significance of the thing itself." That this is not a very inspiriting person to keep company with must not blind us to the writer's success in presenting two eternally contrasted tendencies of character—on the one hand, the idealist who cares not for his own interests nor for public opinion, and who knows just too much to be cocksure of anything; on the other, the successful practical man who sees just as far as never to lose sight of a bargain, and finds the world a very comfortable place, and is genial and good-tempered accordingly. This latter tendency has an excellently drawn illustration in Paul Haber, a very living person of the agreeable, affectionate, and commonplace order. His Philistine household is made real, and no scorn is poured on it—not even on Frau Haber's surprising morning wrap of red velvet and gold lace. Wilhelm, on the other hand, the man who is sick with his century's malady, is a poor illustration of sublime despair. Nordau is quiet sure in his mind what he wants to describe. The descriptive passages of the "All is vanity and vexation of spirit" attitude to modern things are very clear and very interesting. But the model which should exemplify it has not been forthcoming. At least, we only recognise an obtuse and ungraceful and unimaginative person, eaten up with self-esteem. He is ever inquiring whether an opinion, or a cause, or a fair lady be good enough for him, and continually finding each lacking. He falls in love, in a feeble fashion, with a little worldly-minded, common-place girl, then, knowingly, with a woman who has a most incidental and highly-coloured past; and drops them both in a way that stamps him as prig and coward. The second lady really knows what love means, and, so far, is a better idealist than Wilhelm himself. Forced to military duties, he refuses to help in rescuing the colours of the regiment from the enemy, content to show he has nerve by going under fire to save his superior officer. He is very proud of this, despising symbols, which is just like his unimaginative kind, and making further proof of his scorn by refusing the Iron Cross awarded to him at the end of the war. Some money given him to distribute among deserving persons in want he uses partly for the relief of hardly-used Socialists. But when a Socialist ventures to speak to him in comradely terms, he is churlishly repulsed. Wilhelm is not half so much an idealist as he is a man ungracious towards life, intolerant, selfishly watchful lest stains should fall on his soul from others, though trailing it himself in the mire freely enough. He is suspicious, discontented, with a sour vision of many innocent things. True, he sacrifices himself at last, giving his life to save a child, and it is not becoming to belittle such an act; only we feel sure his last conscious thought was discontent. It is useless for Max Nordau to tell of his remarkable conversation and his good looks, for everywhere he is presented to us as a lout. A thinking lout, whether in this century or another, is bound to be unhappy. But the malady that is intended to be illustrated attacks the fine-touched souls, the children of sweetness and light, who, if they cannot choose one exclusive path and tread it, needs must judge gently those who do. Max Nordau has found the wrong model for his picture. But the part of his book that is not fiction is very interesting.

THE KNIGHT'S TALE. By F. Emily Phillips. 6s. (Blackwood.)

"The Knight's Tale" stands outside the ordinary novel crowd, and mostly by its excellent qualities. Its style we could wish a little simpler, a little directer; and when that is said the time for praise is come. For the story is original, graphic, chivalrous, and thoughtful. The hero, Louis, is a modern knight, a fighter in the Garibaldian wars and in the Commune. The son of a clever worldling, a cynic, and a traitor, he harked back a generation, and loved the cause of the people his mother sprang from. He is the rarest kind of man on earth, an idealist in action. Opinions and creeds are holy to him, though he has a human heart in his breast, and though love and all the other good things of life are imperilled by his idealism over and over again. To this summary of Louis we should add that he is very real, very individual. Indeed, the characterisation in the book is excellent. Cosmo Lindsay, the worldling; Thornton, the narrow-minded Quaker; Veronica, who saves Louis at the end, are all made out of living stuff; and the stormy scenes in Paris in war time and revolution, are vividly described. Best of all is the tone of chivalric belief in sacrifice and idealism that pervades the whole story.

A DOZEN WAYS OF LOVE. By L. Dougall. 6s. (Black.)

It is love in interesting circumstances that Miss Dougall has chosen to depict. Her stories are never of quite common ways of life; in incident, character, and setting there is always something of the unexpected; sometimes not a little, too, of the grotesque and the improbable, it must be added. For instance, the very startling young woman of the hairdresser's romance "Hath not a Jew Eyes?" wants a larger space to develop in. She is dead before we have recovered our breath at her demeanour and conversation. And there is something morally impossible in "A Taint in the Blood." That the Vicar's wife was a thief, we are ready to believe; but that she should have given so sanctimonious a defence of herself, and that her daughter should have risked her chances by backing up her mother's conduct seems beyond probability. The rest of the tales are fresh and original, tender and humorous. The picturesque backgrounds, English, Scotch, and Canadian, count for a good deal in the charm and effectiveness of the stories.

CAPTAIN CASTLE: A Tale of the China Seas. By Carlton Dawe. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This is an iconoclastic story. It knocks over all our cherished ideas of the fine old sea captain of romantic convention. Captain Castle was not only a bully, but he was an ignominious coward as well; he was not only a coward, but also an incapable fool. Now in the very worst of the old salts there used to be a grain of manliness or sense. Mr. Carlton Dawe has made this weakling the centre-figure of a lively story, however. The fighting scenes—for the Chinese crew and the coolie passengers mutiny, and cut off with the treasure, and then return as pirates—are very spirited, and the incidents are related with a kind of dry humour highly necessary for our cheerfulness. For it is not at all a comfortable tale. Mr. Clark Russell would, we feel sure, have kindly killed the wicked captain before cholera attacked the young wife, and given the heroine a chance of happiness on shore. The story is not so sternly true to human life but that it would have borne a happy ending.

THE OUTSPAN. By J. Percy Fitzpatrick. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The South African tales recently offered us seem for the most part to have been made in commercial haste to supply a probable market rather than to satisfy any artistic impulse of their writers. The stories in this volume are, so far as we know, the most honourable exceptions. They are excellently written; they are brief and pointed; and all of strong human interest. No others have made us feel so keenly what "trek-fever" means, or realise the less romantic realities of life in the veld. They are all good; but we look back with most sympathy to "Soltke." It will be a dull reader who will be untouched by this tale of the spirited German innocent, with his eager desire to prepare manfully for the worst hardships of a life which was not to be his.

THE EPISODE OF ALETHEA. By Isabel Clarke. 6s. (Innes.)

This is a hopeless kind of book. For the sake of a rather pathetic story of an artist who loses his sight, we try to think well of it. But the simplicity which could alone have clothed the story with dignity is, we fear, not within the writer's farthest reach of attainment. The plot is unconvincing, for Miss Clarke has added an elaborate and quite unnecessary evil to her hero and heroine's fate by making the latter wantonly marry the man she doesn't love, because there are legal reasons for not marrying the man of her choice. Yet some of the characters are delineated with real cleverness; and, indeed, it is not any fault in the plot or personages that depresses us. It is the fact that anyone who has read so much as Miss Clarke has done should commit so many vulgar literary errors. The tags of artistic and literary slang, the jargon of French, of Greek, of Latin, the cheapened, battered phrases of modern philosophy which she treasures

and parades, make a terrible style—the style of a vain listener to the vain reports of other people's thinking and feeling, a tawdry garment in which no sincere thought or matter would consent to clothe itself. It is sad to think of the ruin sometimes involved in so-called literary opportunities.

MAGNHILD AND DUST. By Bjornstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

From Mr. Gosse's prefatory note we gather that "Magnhild" "produced a violent impression in Scandinavia, and led to much polemical discussion;" also that it "has remained one of the least known of its author's productions." Its narrow fame may be supposed to be the result of its inferiority, which should have saved it from violent attention of any kind; but twenty years ago, the date of its publication, the subjects on which it touches were unusual enough as material for fiction to "produce a violent impression" in any Teutonic country. Not now, when they are widely permitted and accepted. There are no intrinsic merits besides. It represents a great novelist at an uncomfortable stage of growth. Never much of an artist, he is here inchoate and slipshod. Magnhild, a loose-hung, indeterminate woman, who marries a rough, coarse, wealthy sadler, becomes the friend and, in some incomprehensible way, the inspiration of a great composer. Finding her husband very objectionable, she goes off to America, with what end in view we cannot guess. A plain-spoken man sums up our sensations for us. "Deuce take it, I'm so weary of that gawky woman and her tiresome destiny!" The particularly uncharming provincialism of so much of Scandinavian fiction has here a striking specimen, and there is another even less pleasant feature. From a more primitive literature we might expect a greater simplicity about natural human relations, which should clear the air by its plain straightforward speech. But Björnson in this mood has reticences and ellipses which are only bewildering and unpleasant to the ordinarily decent mind. "Dust," a shorter story, strikes a clear note, and keeps one's interest. In some ways it is akin to Ibsen's "Nora," inasmuch as the husband finds disaster to be the result of keeping his wife shut out from his more serious thoughts and theories of life. The tragedy of the end is, however, of a quite other character. The title-word is used as a symbol for the past, for "disintegrated beliefs that as dust drift about and gather into empty corners." It is at once a protest against dust in the dwelling-places of living souls to-day, and—since it is no mere thesis but a tragic page out of human life—a manifestation that some natures cannot breathe in the swept and garnished chambers from which the past with its kindly mists has been excluded.

LIMITATIONS. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (A. D. Innes and Co.)

It is quite possible to be clever and yet commonplace, and there is a certain sort of smartness which is not only unconvincing but dull. To say that Mr. Benson's book is entirely unsatisfactory would be unfair, for it is a distinctly clever piece of work, but one over which it is impossible to be in the least degree enthusiastic. "Limitations," which, by the way, is not a very happy title, is a modern novel concerned with art, which endeavours to show the destroying influence of "pot-boiling." The idea is by no means new though it has still some possibilities, but it requires something more than a turn for epigram and a modern *mise-en-scène* to make it convincing. To come to details. Tom Carlingford is a sculptor of means who loses his fortune, and in order to support his wife and child does inferior work which makes him immediately successful. The characters who surround him are all "clever" and intensely modern people with an abnormal fondness for epigram. Men and women alike, they all talk in exactly the same tiresome way. The cynical old gentleman, the hero, his friends the Cambridge don and the *blasé* sculptor—even the fashionable young lady—all serve as mouthpieces for Mr. Benson's easy but quite unnecessary paradoxes. These smart ineptitudes abound and are painfully insistent on every page. There is little to be got from this book; it is not beautiful, nor is it thoughtful. Still, on the other hand, it may amuse some people, while it is not likely to do anyone any harm. The great fault we have to find with it is its obvious effort to be up-to-date. The author is so anxious to convince us of this that he gives a quite uncalled-for advertisement to a well-known patent medicine, and he also makes one of his characters get some opinions from the books of a prominent novelist who is several times mentioned by name. Surely this is a rather cheap way of obtaining a superficial realism.

THE MASTER-BEGGARS. By L. Cope Cornford. With Illustrations by W. Cubitt Cooke, and a map. 6s. (Dent.)

This is a tale of Alva and of his famous foes, the Wild Beggars, the *Gueux*, the spirited instruments of Flemish freedom. Whosoever has read "Captain Jacobus" will know that he need fear nothing slipshod and slovenly in the matter and manner of Mr. Cornford's new romance. He is a writer who most evidently delights in his work, and the respect which he has already gained among such as read fastidiously should grow steadily till it means wide success. Perhaps on the side of popularity "The Master-Beggars" falls below the earlier book. As a picture of the time it is excellent; as a story it hardly competes with some far more worthless rivals; and this, in spite of very spirited incidents, and two or three personages in whose company we journey very willingly. An occasional drag in the interest occurs, but energy is regained before we lose trust. The romance of the ex-monk Hilarion and the Lady Jacqueline has our abundant sympathy, while the Wild Cat from first to last is a living, forceful being that convinces our imaginations and keeps us on the alert for his next adventure.

BELINDA'S BEAUX, and other Stories. By Arabella Kenealy 6s. (Bliss, Sands.)

The authoress of "Dr. Janet of Harley Street" has won an enviable reputation for vivacity, good humour, and a power of wholesome entertainment. In this volume of short stories she shows her range to be wider than we had guessed. She is interested in most healthy forms of human energy, and when she deals with given things she is still effective. But of the Frivolities, Sentimentalities, Curiosities, and Probabilities, under which headings she divides her batch of stories, we confess to liking the Frivolities best—there is heart in Miss Kenealy's lightness—and the more sensational Curiosities next. Between "Belinda's Beaux" and "Prince Ranji Chatterjee's Vengeance," and the others of its kind, we shall be hard to please if we do not find good amusement for an hour.

OUR LADDIE. By Oliphant Smeaton. 6s. (Bliss, Sands.)

In this Scottish version of the Ugly Duckling, of the saint and genius misunderstood by his own people, we have a feeling that the foil to all this worth, the brilliant and popular Sandy, has rather too many vices given to him. He is not only sneak and coward and snob, but betrayer of women and thief as well. Willie Armstrong, the virtuous hero, is not ingratiating at the outset. Asked why he ran away one day from the gratitude of an influential person whom he had served, he said, "Because I wanted Sandy to get the thanks instead o' me. He's keen to get those things; and I dinna mind them"; which is more in the style of Uriah Heep than we like. But he wins our regard later when he is learning in his father's smithy to be the greatest engineer of the age. There are interesting glimpses of Scottish life and character in the early part of the century, and for all its crudeness the book is an advance on Mr. Smeaton's previous work in fiction.

ANGUS MURRAY. By Helen Davis. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

To say that a book hails from Australia is hardly to recommend it. Very dull fiction comes from that land of bush and gold and adventure. But this one is decidedly above the average. It is true, there are passages so lengthily commonplace that every intelligent reader must skip them; but should another chance be given to the story, it will not be unrewarded. For the most part it is a pathetic account of a man of sterling nature struggling bravely with a terrible weakness, till the woman who might crown the strife with success, fails him utterly. But the woman is very young and very winning for all that; and by her many humours and moods she keeps a brisk air circulating in what without her would be a rather sleepy book. There are descriptions of Australian life in various circles which we feel to be carefully accurate; but they are hardly picturesque enough to appeal to such as do not recognise them as "home."

LONG ODDS. By Hawley Smart. (Chatto and Windus.)

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have issued a pleasingly-bound reprint of Mr. Hawley Smart's ever-popular book "Long Odds." The binding and paper are excellent, and though the type is hardly "leaded" enough, it forms the best edition of this capital sporting story that has yet come in our way. Most lovers of light literature have read "Long Odds," and followed with pleasure and amusement the fortunes of Lucy Bramton, the retired tradesman's daughter, who runs a racing stud, and eventually wins the Derby, though she regards the horses, which were left to her by a bookmaking uncle, with an ignorance which is as amusing as it is profound. This breezy and unanalytical narrative holds a high place in the ranks of sporting stories, while sometimes Mr. Smart brings an echo of delightful Charles Lever into his writing. We should be very loath to see these simple yet high-spirited books drop out of popular favour, and we welcome the appearance of "Long Odds" in this new and dainty dress.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE GROWTH OF THE FRENCH NATION. By G. B. Adams. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Professor Adams, of Yale, has tried to compress into one volume the history of France with special regard to national and political development. He has succeeded. Something had to be sacrificed to the exigencies of space, and we regret most the omission of the economical history, though finance is not wholly excluded. Nor do we feel that the later ecclesiastical events have received adequate notice. The Four Propositions defining the Gallican liberties in 1682 are indeed described, but the subject is then dismissed. Surely the Jansenists, Port Royal, and the betrayal of the French Church by the Regent deserved some notice. However, the task of selection is not easy, and the Scylla of omission is in these popular histories less to be dreaded than the Charybdis of indiscreet admission. Here Professor Adams proves himself a stern and sober pilot, avoiding picturesque digressions, though now and then, as in the cases of Joan of Arc and Law's Bubble, usage prescribes a certain amount of eloquent verbiage. His historical views, based on standard authorities, are sound, and we are struck by his fair and sympathetic attitude to the present Republic. His style is pleasant and readable. The numerous illustrations serve their purpose well enough, but have not much reference to the text, and perhaps are borrowed from some less correct book. The "Coiffure à la Belle Poule" (p. 253) was surely no reality, but a caricature. The portrait of Louis XVII. is strangely inscribed, "Died in prison in the Temple, Paris, June 8, 1795."

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN NORMANDY AND MAINE. By E. A. Freeman. With illustrations. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

These papers are reprinted from the *Saturday Review* and the *Guardian*, and are stray records of some of Professor Freeman's travels, extending over thirty years. In a somewhat irrelevant and wholly uncritical preface, Mr. Hutton, speaking of the historian's work in this particular direction, says he "tells you what to see and how to see it—just what you want to know and what you ought to know." On the contrary, he is a most insufficient guide. The present volume is interesting and valuable; but only to such as have a great many other books on the subject to consult, and who have trained their eyes to see things for themselves, as the ordinary tourist has not done. From the side of the student of history seeking evidence and corroboration and illustration in architecture, it is strong, but not, as Mr. Hutton says, comprehensive. On the æsthetic side, which it touches—though it need not have done so—it is very meagre, and very unsatisfactory. This slipshod remark about the Cathedral of Dol has too many companions: "The first impression which it gives is that there is something Irish about it; there is certainly no church in Ireland which can be at all compared to it." But the serious tourist in quest of information—anyone else would be repelled by the unattractive, careless style, for it is Professor Freeman's undress manner—will be repaid by reading certain chapters, notably those on "Le Mans," "Hauteville-la-Guichard," and "Old Norman Battle Grounds." Let him remember, however, that the book is merely an inexhaustive note-book.

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING. Being a Full, True and Particular Account of the Miraculous Escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. By Allan Fea. With Numerous Sketches and Photographs by the Author, and sixteen portraits in Photogravure. 21s. (Lane.)

Devotion to a lost cause has been the inspiration of Mr. Fea's labours. But such devotion generally takes literary shape in rhetoric, while his effort has all been towards accuracy and compression. His own part of the book consists of an account of an Historical Tour, in which he traces Charles's movements in detail from Worcester to Fécamp, briefly narrating the incidents by the way, and describing the aspects of his resting and hiding places as they were then and as they are now. The illustrations, mainly architectural, are excellent. Altogether Part I. is a curious and interesting piece of work, which has demanded and received close investigation among historical and private family documents. It is a summary of all the verified information on the subject, and a delightful recaller of an England that has mostly passed away. The second part has its justification in the incompleteness of "The Boscobel Tracts." Hughes included none of these five, yet they are valuable if only in a supplementary way, and contain such individual corroboration of the accepted narrative that the reader of picturesque history cannot afford to ignore them. Altogether Mr. Fea's pious labours will receive serious appreciation outside White Rose leagues. The portraits in Part II. are finely reproduced, and every external feature has been attended to with care and taste.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New Edition in 16 Volumes, revised and added to. Illustrated, Vol. I. January. (J. C. Nimmo.)

The additions to Mr. Baring-Gould's monumental work on the Saints include several lives of English martyrs, and of Cornish and Welsh saints, and, what is of first-rate importance, an index to the entire book. The labour entailed may be judged from the fact that the first volume of nearly five hundred pages contains only the hagiology for January. One would have to search high and low, and in remote corners, and often in vain, for the information gathered here, which comprises both authenticated fact and romantic legend. It represents the widest and deepest research; yet all who know anything of Mr. Baring-Gould's methods will be assured that in his hands the lives are not mere dry-as-dust chronicles. No English book on the subject can compete with it. It should be in every library, and whatever shelf holds it will be frequently visited.

RICHARD WAGNER'S LETTERS TO AUGUST ROECKEL. Translated by E. C. Sellar, with Introduction by H. G. Chamberlain. (Arrowsmith.)

Roeckel was a musician of talent, but he was better known as an enthusiastic Liberal who suffered for his opinions, and was imprisoned in 1849 for the part he played in the Dresden rising. Wagner and he were for many years on closely intimate terms, and of a series of interesting letters written to him by the composer while he was in prison, and later, twelve are published here. They are worthy of the great name they bear, and they date from a vitally important epoch of Wagner's career. Roeckel was no abject admirer, but a man of strong opinions on artistic as on political subjects. He seems to have argued many a point; and Wagner answered at great length, defending his views and his conduct, and lamenting the lack of understanding with which his works were being produced, even when the first wall of prejudice against them had been knocked down. His is an oft-told tale of the struggles of genius, and of genius despising its own popularity because the popularity is based on its worst, not its best. In the last letter, 1865, he speaks of his acceptance of the invitation of poor mad Louis of Bavaria. The book, which is excellently translated, has real interest for all lovers of art, whether musicians or not.

HISTORY IN FACT AND FICTION. A Literary Sketch. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

We have read this book with unmixed delight; yet let not the indiscreet ask us what is the meaning of the title. It may be described as a work of "cultured leisure," not hammered out in obedience to mere mercenary needs, or calls from the printer's devil, but the fruit of calm reflection in a library. Mr. Canning has nevertheless found time in a very well ordered life to write a great many books; and overawing press notices of these appear at the end of the present one. If the "discrimation, erudition, and refined discernment," the scholarship and the thought, which they invite us to applaud, are less apparent to us than to his other critics, it is perhaps because we are blinded by his moral graces. He is the most amiable and the most simple-minded writer we have ever been privileged to read; and in another respect, too, he is almost unique. His subject, so far as we understand it, would seem to demand a survey of a great part of the literature of the world; and Mr. Canning's distinction is that he has read so very little. But then, wise man, he takes for granted his audience have read less. He has read Scott, and he obligingly gives us the plots of some of his most familiar novels. He has read Macaulay, and he re-introduces us to that "singular impressive idea"—the New Zealander on the broken arch of London Bridge. He has read Shakespeare, and he makes bold to assert that the dramatists of the present day, though meritorious, do not "equal the great master"; and to warn us that when the great master puts extravagant things into the mouths of extravagant characters, we must not take for granted that they are the sentiments of William Shakespeare. One of his verdicts we must confess to having found startling: "Could he [Shakespeare] now see the admirable performances . . . of his immortal works, which the present age presents, it may safely be concluded he would be more gratified by such appreciation than at any previous period of his country's history." But this, if inartistic, is at least consistent with Mr. Canning's desire to utter on every occasion the kind and the prudent and the useless thing. The date on the title-page is 1897; yet we read—"The European continent, though supporting immense standing armies, seems nevertheless unusually peaceful and unaggressive. . . . Moreover, Britain seems neither endangered nor threatened by any other civilised power. In fact, throughout the whole world the British name was perhaps never so generally respected and honoured as at the end of this century." And so let us all go to sleep to the tune of this lullaby.

MUSA PISCATRIX. By John Buchan. (The Bodley Head.)

If fishermen ever found room in their fishing baskets for any volume in addition to the sometimes harmless and always necessary hook-book, they might be cordially commended to this Bodley Anthology. Were the fish unresponsive to the fly, it might temper the piscator's impatience to lie on the bank and con over what the poets, from Shakespeare to Andrew Lang, had said of the gentle craft. We suspect the poorest fishermen made the most enthusiastic angling songs in this volume, for the scenery, more often than the sport, is the theme of their raptures. Of course, the laureate of the art, Old Walton, is represented by his "Angler's Wish," and John Dennys, and Charles Cotton, and Thomas Tod Stoddart are freely drawn upon. The latter is among piscatorial poets, "the daddy o' them a'." And he really caught fish, though one regrets to recall that his bait was sometimes the nefarious salmon roe. After doing little else save fish on Tweed for half his lifetime, he could cheerfully sing at the "Angler's Grave"—

> "Brother Angler! slumber on;
> Haply thou shalt wave the wand,
> When the tide of time is gone,
> In some far and happy land."

Anglers, though they are not likely to take Mr. Buchan's collection with them in their baskets, may at least find in its pages store of congenial and cheerful fancy for the fireside in the close season and stormy weather. Mr. Pimlott's dainty etchings enhance the external beauty of a very handsome book.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D., Master of University College, Durham. (T. and T. Clark.)

There need be no hesitation in saying that this is incomparably the best commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke which exists in any language. It is very full, paying attention both to the language and to the substance; very accurate, omitting no point which the most recent scholarship has won; but, above, all it is luminously intelligent throughout, recognising what to press and what to withhold. Those who have read and re-read, and learned to prize Dr. Plummer's previous contributions to New Testament literature, have cherished great expectations regarding this volume on the Gospel of St. Luke, and these expectations will be more than satisfied. An adequate treatment of the Gospel in the light of recent investigation was much needed, and while Dr. Plummer modestly disclaims the idea that this is "a final Commentary" on the Gospel, it is certainly destined to hold the foremost place for many years to come. The author himself says: "If this commentary has any special features, they will perhaps be found in the illustrations taken from Jewish writings, in the abundance of references to the Septuagint and to the Acts and other books of the New Testament, in the frequent quotations of renderings in the Latin Versions, and in the attention which has been paid, both in the Introduction and throughout the Notes, to the marks of St. Luke's style." The Introduction is indeed a remarkable piece of work, and with its aid any student may readily acquire a knowledge of the characteristics of St. Luke as a writer. The lists of words and references will save labour in proportion to the labour they have cost the author. If Dr. Plummer prove as good an editor as he here proves himself a contributor, the usefulness and success of the International Commentary are assured.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS AND WOMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN. By C. S. Bremner. With a Preface by Miss E. P. Hughes. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Miss Bremner's book is a welcome relief from the usual utterances on the same subject. We have been surfeited with theory; and hardly one of us knows how far the countless theories advocated have been ever tried. Miss Bremner speaks on the general aspect of the question very intelligently, but hers is mainly a book of information. She gives details about the schools, colleges, and institutions that aim at the instruction of girls and women in intellectual, artistic, and technical subjects, at the present moment in Great Britain, and she also deals with the organisation and payment of teachers. We have tested her information in a few cases, and found it reliable. Her book should be in the hands of all who have girls to be trained for a career, or who are generally interested in women's education.

HANDBOOK TO CHRISTIAN AND ECCLESIASTICAL ROME. By H. M. and M. A. R. T. Pt. I. 7s. 6d. (Black.)

The compilation of this work is an important event for English visitors in Rome. Information about the Christian side of the history of the city, about its churches, ceremonies, and customs, is just what is difficult to procure accurately and fully. The anonymous compilers of this book have gathered most industriously and arranged their facts with system. No existing guide-book covers half of what they have done; and Protestant visitors especially owe them a debt of gratitude for their careful explanations of many things in Roman ceremonial, the understanding of which is too often taken for granted. The special subject of Part I. is the Christian Monuments, and the section on the Catacombs deserves special praise. The other two parts, which will be shorter, and which deal with the Liturgy in Rome, and Monasticism in Rome and Ecclesiastical Rome, respectively, will be eagerly awaited.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS. Vol. I. 1660-1860. Vol. II. 1861-1896. By Henrietta C. Wright. (Nutt.)

On a too unobtrusive fly-leaf in Volume I. we read "Children's Stories in American Literature." The words should have been on the title-page and on the cover, for the guidance of purchasers. A reader, of course, soon finds out that in these biographies of American writers, from John

Eliot to Mark Twain, only the facts that would interest or edify children are set out; and he is not surprised therefore at the inclusion of some writers that a serious manual of literature would be bound to exclude, nor at the judgment which has devoted a whole chapter to Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and only part of one to Miss Wilkins. Miss Wright has made a very readable book for children, but we doubt if it will teach them much about literature. Indeed, literary interests can only be awakened in such children as find delight in literature in its pure state, and not specially prepared for their youthful digestion. But as incitements to perseverance, to high aspirations, and other noble moods and virtues, her stories may serve another and worthy purpose.

A LEVANTINE FAMILY. By Bayle St. John. New edition. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

This is not a new book. It tells of the Egypt of fifty years ago; but it makes good reading still. Mr. St. John gained an unusually intimate knowledge of native domestic life in Egypt, and an amount of miscellaneous information about that country which is unrivalled. The passing tourist and the archæologist have written much for us, but of patient, curious sojourners like him there have been hardly any. His book should be better known. It is written on the best of all models for travellers' books, that which does not classify too strictly, but where the narrative follows the lead of the author's recollections. It is the style of which Borrow was the master, and though Mr. St. John is not, yet he often uses it most pleasantly. It is a book to wander through at leisure, and it will reward all readers by its living descriptions, its strong human interests, and its generous want of prejudice in looking at alien things and characters.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

B. R.—Pretty, but too long. Mercilessly cut out four or five verses, and attend to the metre, which is careless.

J. BELL.—Very sensible advice. The punctuation in line 4, stanza 1, makes the meaning ambiguous.

BRIAND CAMILLES.—An excellent essay. You show real critical power, a habit of patient reading, and independent judgment. You might offer it to one of the more serious magazines. A light one would not take it. It might be better to cut down some of the quotations. "Prosist" is a hideous word.

DAGOBERT.—No. 1 very pretty. I don't like line 4, stanza 2. Nos. 2 and 3 are more commonplace. No. 4 is pleasant, but I don't always follow the train of reasoning, simple though it appears to be. The last one is good; perhaps the best. It would stand the most chance of being accepted.

DEMERARA.—The object of the satire is a little too well-known, and he is a little too simple in his composition to test your satirical powers. I don't think this would have any chance in an English paper.

DUNVEGAN.—Parish and congregational magazines print this sort of thing. The papers are fairly good of their kind, but not good enough to be called promising. Both are on subjects that have engaged wits for generations.

E. S. (Olga).—The first sentence is a perfect pattern of what a sentence should not be. Split it into at least three. But there are no other mistakes of the kind. It is a most entertaining story, a very spirited version of "Waring," and you will probably get it published. Unfortunately it is too long for a single number, and not long enough for a serial. It might form the beginning of a series, of which D. J. should always be the hero—or, at least, the chief narrator. I think you have talent, and should succeed.

ENTERPRISE.—The verses are all dignified and careful, and technically much above the average. They show a love of literature and of beautiful things. They are not, however, very promising as poetry. The sonnet on Gordon, and the verses with the refrain, "Sing, old Earth," are the best. But the sonnet form, in which most of them are cast, is not a happy one for young rhymers. It shows the commonplaceness or crudity of their thought too obviously.

GIPSY.—No. 3 is pretty in subject and metre—a little vague in its words. The other two are less good, but would have a better chance of success, as there is not a high standard for verse of their particular order.

FOSSY HOLMES.—"He was nothing in particular at exams," is not English. Your matter is better than your style. But it is very ambitious, and I think your apprenticeship will be long. You need much practice.

J. A. G.—The verses are not made yet. Shape all the stanzas to one pattern. Your ear wants training. Read good verse aloud.

J.—Fairly good. This is a bad line, "Upon the moor, the sheep, a few."

JACOBUS.—The metre is unpleasing. And there is not much else in the verses to interest.

JASMINE.—Middling. It is a mistake to write in a scolding way of even your unamiable characters. "Individuals of both sexes" would be, in good English, "men and women." There is too much of that kind of writing in it. I don't think this has any chance of publication.

L. C. M.—Rather a muddle. It is no good in its present form. You should choose which you mean to write, a sensational or a moral story. If the latter, then I should advise you to omit the spiritualistic scene, which is a little absurd, and quite unnecessary. Heart disease and a confessed past entanglement should be quite enough to part the lovers. If you want something livelier, make the *séance* the centre of interest, pile up the sensation, and cut all the rest short. It is far too lengthy, and the conversations are heavy. It wants rewriting rather than revision.

L. F. S.—The style, especially of the first part, suggests a guide-book rather than one of a series of magazine articles. There is too much of "on our left," "on our right," etc., unless you are meaning literally to conduct a tourist. With an abundant supply of photographs, and practical information about roads, accommodation, etc., a publisher might accept it. But there must be many rivals in the field. The style is fair—a little hackneyed in its more ambitious moods.

L. M. A.—No. 1, very nice language, but commas would give it point. No. 2, the lady would find this a little irritating in tone. No. 3, I am sure Columbus's men did not think of an "Empire glorious and *free*" when they landed. The fragments are too fragmentary to judge of. All the verses want definiteness, colour, and life.

STUART MACKENZIE.—Has hardly enough interest by itself. A series of short scenes in the girl's life at this period might be better. The interviews with the two lovers would be good subjects—especially if they had an unexpected ending.

MERMAID.—Something effective could be made of the subject, but your treatment is very heavy. It is perhaps only the heaviness of inexperience. If you put aside the thought of writing for a year or two, you would probably find this dull literal style did not please you when you took up the work again.

MEWATI.—The Milton verses are not quite comprehensible. The others are impressive rhetoric. But unless the local paper will take them, I do not advise you to send them to editors. You will do better in a year or two.

GEORGE MEDLEY.—No. 1 is just the thing for popular recitation. It would have a certain success. No. 2 is a skilful translation. No. 3 is a feeble allegory. You must reveal what was the crime you were asked to commit, and show it to be a demand of modern democracy, before the thing has any point.

M. F.—Excellent sentiments, and I wish you many opportunities of expressing them. You will find better ones than fiction will afford you. You say what you want to say clearly and directly, and that is enough for practical purposes. There is not literary promise in the MS.

M. M.—I cannot hold out much hope of your getting this story published. On a smaller scale you might write something better; but this is heavy both in matter and in style. For a periodical, at least, it would be useless.

M. ST. S.—Two very intelligent essays. I cannot advise you how to place them, as the first subject is not popularly dealt with, and the second has been so much written on. But you have distinct critical power, and should get work if you have the luck to pitch on the subjects that would please an editor. No. 1 gets a little hazy at times—wants brightening by a few examples. In No. 2, by the "over-subtlety" in Wordsworth's mental analysis, I think you mean, judging by the context, his "over-methodicalness."

ONAR.—Charming. This is good work. The lyrical faculty is growing in you. This deserves success.

ANNIE PIERCE.—A very nice story, but too long for an ordinary magazine. If you have more of the sort it might be well to offer them to a minor publisher for a book. You would have a better chance of making a little money so. This kind of fiction is printed and paid for. But magazines want something brighter.

POSTIA.—Very creditable for your age.

JOHN QUILL.—It is not advisable to send the same poem to two or three editors at the same time. In the event of its acceptance by one, there might be confusion. After all, if twelve editors see one poem in one year it is a good deal. I can't advise on the choice of particular magazines. The "earlier work" sounds well; but there is not much stuff in it. I should not send it off a-wandering. Your verses have distinct "go" and colour. Don't hurry into a third-rate reputation. Try for local writing work.

RODERICK.—"From Pole to Pole" is too hyperbolical. Nansen, I am sure, heard few of these "rich harmonies" in high latitudes. This

is fine language, not poetry. One feels emotion in the lines, but undefined and nebulous.

ROSEMARY.—A very interesting collection, valuable on the folk-lore side, and creditable both as translations and as verse. I think they should be published as a whole. But this might have to be done at your own risk. Try a London publisher. In any case they suggest a good subject for an article on *Rispetti* and *Stornelli*, in which you might use, as illustrations, the most striking of your versions. If it were bright and short, one of the literary magazines might take it.

R. T.—Shows considerable imagination, and metrical skill. But this kind of thing has a very small audience, and that not a literary one.

SATOPI.—The style is dry, but the matter is of some interest. You might send it to a penny story-paper. It would be better to strike out the Introduction and begin, "It is now some years," etc.

HAMMON TARDY.—I don't advise you to send this story out again. It can hardly be said to be *written*. That is, I have not seen any signs of your trying to write effectively, or rhythmically, or of even avoiding ordinary repetitions and colloquialisms. Whether you are capable of better things, I don't know, but this is not good enough. And never send an editor an untidy, soiled MS. "Waked" is the simple word you want on p. 5.

WHITE HEATHER.—"Possessed none of the outward graces which serve to constitute a modern Apollo" is a very cumbrous kind of language. But there are few faults of the kind in your story, a very pathetic one. It would, I fear, however, stand little chance of publication except in a minor or private magazine.

WIDO.—Is this a heavy attempt at a joke? It is a pitiful kind of thing anyway. Criticism of it is quite useless.

W. Y. Y.—A monument of patient work. What to do with it I cannot advise. Perhaps a Methodist publishing house would print it as a book descriptive of the whole life of the model members of their sect. But I don't think the man or woman exists who could read it all as it stands. If you selected a few characters, of whom to give the life-histories, and cut down the sermons and the hymns, you would have a better chance.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BELL, G. C.—Religious Teaching in Secondary Schools, 3/6 ..... Macmillan

[*Teachers of religious knowledge will welcome the counsel and suggestions given them courageously and intelligently by the Head Master of Marlborough.*]

BELLARS, W.—The Essence of Christianity, Three Sermons, 2/6 ..... Sonnenschein

BENSON, E. W.—Cyprian, his Life, Times, and Work, 21/- net ..... Macmillan

[*See p.* 35.]

CHAMBERLAIN, Rev. J.—In the Tiger Jungle, and other Stories of Missionary Work, 3/6 ..... Oliphant

CLARE, J.—The Science of Spiritual Life according to the Spiritual Exercises, 5/- net ..... Art & Book Co.

Evolution Theories, Criticisms on, by "Capys," 6d. ..... F. Hodgson

[*Criticisms on Darwin's, Wallace's, and Hackel's Evolution Theories, in reply to Archdeacon Wilson's and Canon Gore's recent statements at the Church Congress of* 1896.]

Evil and Evolution, 6d. ..... Heywood

[*A critique of the book of that name recently published by Messrs. Macmillan.*]

FARRAR, Rev. F. W., and others' Sermons for the Commemoration of Queen Victoria, 1837-1897, 2/6 ..... Skeffington

GIFFORD, E. H.—The Incarnation, a Study of Philippians ii. 5-11, 3/6 ..... Hodder

HALE, W. B.—The New Obedience, a Plea for Social Submission to Christ, 5/- ..... Longmans

HORT, F. J. A.—The Christian Ecclesia ..... Macmillan

[*The book includes a course of lectures delivered by Dr. Hort, 1888-9, on "The Early History and the Early Conceptions of the Christian Ecclesia." The evidence from the literature of the Apostolic age is carefully surveyed in these, but as that by no means covered all his plan, four sermons have been included, dealing with other aspects of the subject and with other evidence of early conceptions of the Ecclesia.*]

JONES, J. C.—Primæval Revelation, Studies in Genesis i.-viii., 6/- ..... Hodder

KINROSS, J.—Dogma in Religion and Creeds in the Church, 5/- ..... J. Thin

LIDDON, H. P.—Explanatory Analysis of St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, 7/6 ..... Longmans

MORRIS, Rev. D.—The Growth of Sacrificial Ideas connected with the Holy Eucharist, 2/- ..... Longmans

MOULE, H. C. G.—Philippian Studies, Lessons in Faith and Love, 5/- ..... Jarrold

MURPHY, Rev. E. G.—The Larger Life, Sermons and an Essay, 5/- ..... Longmans

Robert Boyle Lectures, vol. I, with Preface by Sir H. W. Acland, 6/- net. .....

Royal Way, or the Christian's Hours of Sufferings, adapted from the German by M. F. Drew, 3/6 .....

SETH, A.—Man's Place in the Cosmos, and other Essays, 7/6 net ..... Blackwood

Sin Punished but Sins Forgiven, 1/- ..... Allenson

[*One more attempt at justifying the Bible to doubters.*]

SYLVESTER, G.—Studies in Theology ..... Heywood

[*High subjects, such as Moral Responsibility, Apostolic Succession, and so on, are discussed in the form of dialogues. The form is to be recommended, though the conclusions are not very weighty.*]

TYRRELL, G.—Nova et Vetera, Informal Meditations for Times of Spiritual Dryness, 6/- ..... Longmans

WESTCOTT, Right Rev. B. F.—Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament, 5/- ..... Hodder

WIEDEMANN, A.—Religion of the Ancient Egyptians, 12/6 ..... Grevel

WIRGMAN, A. T.—The Doctrine of Confirmation considered in relation to Holy Baptism, 7/6 ..... Longmans

FICTION.

An Obsolete Woman, Chronicled by Herself, 2/6 ..... Constable

[*An interesting study in unconscious and unsurpassable conceit. "Nowadays women do not love," says the ardent heroine, ["but I—I was perhaps wicked, but I loved."] Again, "Nowadays nobody is credited with a conscience; but in exceptional natures the thing still exists. My Other Half was of an exceptional nature." We should back the hearts and consciences of the first ten men we might meet in the street against those of the precious couple chronicled here. Their loves are not distinguished by anything but selfishness.*]

AKERMAN, P. B., and HURST, N.—Triscombe Stone, a Romance of the Quantock Hills, 6/- ..... Bliss & Sands

ATHERTON, G.—Patience Sparhawk and her Times, 4/6 net ..... Lane

BALZAC.—A Woman of Thirty, 3/6 net ..... Dent

BARRETT, F.—The Harding Scandal, 3/6 ..... Chatto & Windus

BATSON, S.—The Earth Children, 2/- ..... Hutchinson

[*See p.* 43.]

CAHAN, A.—Yekl, a Tale of the New York Ghetto, 2/6 net ..... Heinemann

CARR, Mrs. C.—Cottage Folk, 6/- ..... Heinemann

CHRISTIAN, S.—A Pot of Honey, 3/6 ..... Unwin

CLARK, Capt. C.—My Yarns of Sea-Foam and Gold Dust, 6/- ..... Digby

[*Capt. Clark is a minor Capt. Marryat. On the good old pattern he has written a brisk and very full narrative of travel and sport and adventure which should be a favourite with boys.*]

CLARK, J.—The Episode of Alethea, 6/- ..... Innes

[*See p.* 44.]

CURTIS, E.—His Double Self, 3/6 ..... Jarrold

[*A fine melodrama, the plot of which we would not for worlds disclose. It is sufficient to say that attempted murder, revenge, and metempsychosis do not exhaust its attraction.*]

COLMORE, G.—Love for a Key (Pioneer Series), 3/6 ..... Heinemann

DAVIS, H.—Angus Murray ..... Sonnenschein

[*See p.* 45.]

DAWE, C.—Captain Castle ..... Smith & Elder

[*See p.* 44.]

DOUGALL, L.—A Dozen Ways of Love, 6/- ..... Black

[*See p.* 44.]

DUMILLO, A.—On the Gog Magogs, 1/- ..... Unwin

[*Bright and clever sketches of English country life, showing an intimate knowledge of rustic character and humour.*]

FERGUSON, V. M.—Life Again Love Again, 6/- ..... Hurst & Blackett

FLOWERDEW, H.—In an Ancient Mirror, 2/6 ..... Unwin

[*Under the name of Glandenos, our island, its manners, customs, religion, even its horse-racing and its trial by jury, are satirised with considerable cleverness and not too unfairly.*]

FENNELL, C., and O'CALLAGHAN, J. P.—A Prince of Tyrone, 6/- ..... Blackwood

GREEN, A. K.—That Affair Next Door, 6/- ..... Putnam

[*See p.* 43.]

GRIMSHAW, B. E.—Broken Away, 3/6 ..... Lane

HALL, B.—Fish Tails—and some True Ones, 6/- ..... Arnold

HATTON, J.—The Dagger and the Cross, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

HENHAM, E. G.—God, Man, and the Devil, 3/6 ..... Skeffington

HERMAN, H.—Lady Turpin, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock

[*A breathlessly exciting tale of a clever and fascinating lady-burglar.*]

HOCKING, J.—The Birthright, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock

[*Mr. Hocking here takes a holiday from his more serious fiction. "The Birthright" is merely romance, and a very good adventure story it is, with a picturesque Cornish setting, and a buried treasure that will keep young readers' interest alive and keen.*]

HOPE, A.—Ivan Alexandrevitch, 3/6 ..... Unwin

HOWELLS, W. D.—The Landlord at Lion's Head, 6/- ..... Douglas

HURTON, W.—The Doomed Ship, 3/6 ..... Andrews

KERNAHAN, C.—Captain Shannon, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock

KIDSON, E.—Allanson's Little Woman, 3/6 ..... Jarrold

MACKENZIE, F.—Sprays of Northern Pine, 3/6 ..... Oliphant

[*These stories take a very creditable place among the Scottish fiction of the day, for their insight into character and their genial tone.*]

MACKINNON, J.—Braefoot Sketches ..... A. Gardner

[*Here the kail-yard manner is seen at its lowliest.*]

MARRYAT, F.—In the Name of Liberty, 6/- ..... Digby & Long

MCCHESNEY, L. S.—Under Shadow of the Mission, 6/- ..... Methuen

[*A Californian story, if story it can be called. There is little chance for incident, so much room is taken up by sentimental reflection. Emotion oozes from every pore of the writer, with the natural result that the book is flabby.*]

MCNEILL, Rev. J.—Some One is Coming, 2/6 ..... Marshall Bros.

MOORE, F. F.—The Jessamy Bride, illustrated, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

MORRAH, H.—The Faithful City, a Romance, 6/- ..... Methuen

Natalian, a South African Boy ..... M. Russell

[*A story of schoolboy life in Natal. Old Natalians will find the simple-minded reminiscences of more interest than will boys in search of spirited fiction.*]

PERCEVAL, H.—In a Country Town, 6/- ..... Bentley

QUINE, T. E.—The Captain of the Parish, 6/- ..... Heinemann

ROBERTS, M.—Maurice Quain, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

RUSSELL, W. C.—A Noble Heart (Little Novels, No. 11), 1/- ..... Unwin

[*A short story in Mr. Clark Russell's best vein. Hard luck and good luck at sea, narrow escape and treasure trove, provide ample entertainment.*]

SIMS, G. R.—The Coachman's Club, 2/6 ..... F. V. White

SMITH, H.—Steps to the Temple of Happiness, Thirty True Moral Stories, illustrated, 5/- ..... Sonnenschein

SNAITH, J. C.—Fierceheart the Soldier, 6/- ..... Innes

STEARN, A.—Sindbad Smith & Co., illus., 5/- ..... Unwin

STEPHENS, R.—Mr. Peters, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

STREET, J. C.—The Hidden Way across the Threshold, 15/- net ..... Redway

SWAN, A. S.—Mrs. Keith Hamilton, 3/6 ..... Hutchinson

THOMAS, A.—Essentially Human, 6/- ..... F. V. White

Told from the Ranks, collected by E. M. Small, illus.....Melrose
[*Recollections of service during the Queen's reign by privates and non-commissioned officers of the British Army. The plain, unvarnished tales have plenty of vigorous life in them, and the book will be appreciated by boys.*]
WALL, A.—The Fall of Constantinople, 6/-.....Hutchinson
[*A historical novel of the solid and dignified order; a little pedantic, but its slight admixture of romance may tempt readers to learn from it the facts of the Ottoman Conquest.*]
WATSON, K.—Litanies of Life.....Bowden
[*Sketches of women's lives, rather pretty and very sentimental, low-spirited for the most part, but gentle and refined.*]
WILLDEY, C. J.—The Book of Humbug, 3/6 .....Skeffington
YEATS, S. L.—A Galahad of the Creeks, and other Stories, 6/- Longmans
YEATS, W. B.—The Secret Rose, illus., 6/- net....Lawrence & Bullen
[*See p.* 36.]
YONGE, C. M.—The Pilgrimage of the Ben Beriah, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*Miss Yonge's powers of bringing other times before us are undoubted. In this story she uses them to call up to our minds vivid pictures of Jewish life in the days of Moses.*]

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FREEMAN, E. A.—Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine, 8/6 Macmillan
[*See p.* 46.]
GASQUET, F. A.—The Old English Bible, and other Essays, 12/- net Nimmo
HIATT, C.—The Cathedral Church of Chester, 1/6 .....Bell
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Jowett, B., Life and Letters of, by E. Abbott & L. Campbell, 2 vols., 32/-.....Murray
[*See p.* 34.]
MACDONALD, Major J. R. L.—Soldiering and Surveying in British East Africa, 1891-94, 16/-.....Arnold
MACY, J.—The English Constitution, 8/6.....Macmillan
MALLESON, Col. G. B.—The Lakes and Rivers of Austria, Bavaria, and Hungary, 3/6.....Chapman
MAXWELL, Sir H.—Robert the Bruce, 5/- (Heroes of the Nations.) Putnam
[*See p.* 39.]
Rome, Christian and Ecclesiastical, Handbook to, by H. M. and M. A. R. T., pt. 1, 7/6 .....Black
[*See p.* 47.]
ROLFE, E. N.—Naples in the Nineties, illus., 7/6 .....Black
SELOUS, P.—Travel and Big Game, 10/6 net.....Redway
Story of a Busy Life, Recollections of Mrs. G. H. Paull, 3/6...Hodder
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[*Notes respecting the Families of Ogier from Sigournais, and Creusé of Chatellerault and Niort. In this careful genealogical record much interesting light is thrown on Huguenots and their life in England.*]
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WAGNER, Richard.—Letters to August Roeckel, translated by E. C. Sellar, 2/6 .....Arrowsmith
[*See p.* 46.]
WORKMAN, F. B. & W. H.—Sketches Awheel, illus., 6/-.....Unwin
[*In information, style, and general interest, this account of a recent bicycle tour in Spain is far above the average of its class, is indeed a very intelligent and well-written and suggestive narrative.*]
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[*A reprint of the second edition of Dr. Hill Burton's famous history. The book will be complete in eight volumes.*]
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[*This is the well-known and admirable primer, revised, partly re-written, and published now in suitable library binding.*]
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FORTESCUE, G. K.—A Subject Index of Modern Works added to Library of British Museum, 1891-95, 40/-.....Quaritch
GEIKIE, Sir A.—The Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain, 2 vols., 36/- net.....Macmillan
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[*The Introduction is an intelligent and comprehensive survey of Roman Society under the Early Empire, and of Juvenal's characteristics and place in literature.*]
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London Heath Laws, 2/-.....Cassell
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SOMERVILLE, W.—Farm and Garden Insects, illus., 1/- ....Macmillan
[*A practical manual dealing with the insects that attack herbaceous perennial and annual plants and farm animals. It will be invaluable to farmers and gardeners.*]
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THOMSON, R.—The Plagues of Egypt and their Relation to the Natural Phenomena of the Land, 3/-.....Gardner
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[*Edited with a special view to examinations, but it serves ordinary class purposes excellently. The grammatical notes are particularly good.*]

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WINJKOOP, Rev. J. D.—Manual of Hebrew Syntax, 5/-net....Luzac

NEW EDITION.

BASTABLE, C. F.—The Theory of International Trade, 3/6 net Macmillan

[*The second edition of this important book has been revised throughout. No abler statement of the older, the "classical" English economic position on this subject, has ever been sent out.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

BREMNER, C. S.—Education of Girls and Women in Great Britain Sonnenschein

[*See p.* 47.]

BUNNER, H. C.—Love in Old Clothes, and other Stories, illustrated, 5/- .....Downey
CHAPMAN, E. R.—Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction, and other Essays, 3/6 net .....Lane
City of London Directory, 1897, 12/6 .....
CLARKE, M.—Stories of Australia in the Early Days, 3/6..Hutchinson
CRAIG, G. C.—The Federal Defence of Australasia, 5/-.....Clowes
CROOKE, W.—The Popular Religion and Folk-lore of North India, 2 vols. ..... A. Constable
ERSKINE, Miss F. J.—Lady Cycling, 2/6.....Scott

[*This ambiguous title covers some sensible but quite elementary advice to beginners in the sport.*]

Essays in Liberalism, by Six Oxford Men, 3/6.....Cassell
FORBES, A. W. H.—Is Science Guilty? or Some of the Sins of Scientific Civilisation, 2/6 .....Marshall Bros.
FRISWELL, J. H.—The Burden of Life, a Volume of Essays, 3/6 Unwin
GAMBLE, G.—A Farrago of Folly, 3/6 .....Unwin

[*The book is very aptly named.*]

GUNTER, A. C.—Don Balasco of Key West, 2/- .....Clowes
HILLIS, N. D.—A Man's Value to Society, Studies in Self-Culture and Character, 5/-.....Oliphant
LILLY, W. S.—Essays and Speeches, 12/- .....Chapman & Hall
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MACLEOD, F.—Spiritual Tales, Barbaric Tales, Tragic Romances, 2/6 each, net .....P. Geddes

[*A reprint, in three tasteful volumes, of Miss Macleod's shorter stories, with some additional tales in her best manner.*]

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MARSTON, R. B.—War, Famine, and our Food Supply, illustrated, 2/- S. Low
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SCOTT, C.—The Wheel of Life, 1/- and 2/-.....Greening

["*Fugitive recollections of a busy Bohemian life in London.*" *The reminiscences are very good-humoured, save where they treat of that over-rated country, France, and sometimes entertaining, and always Philistine. On their reception depends the preparation of a more important book to contain all the incidents and the sentiment of Mr. Scott's life-time.*]

SCOTT, T.—Book Sales of 1896, 15/- net .....Bell
STRACHEY, J. St. L.—From Grave to Gay, Essays and Studies. 6/- Smith & Elder
Who's Who, 1897, edited by Douglas Sladen .....Black

[*This is a sign of our democratic times. Hitherto only the titled and official classes have been chronicled in this year-book. Now everybody who is anybody has a chance of getting in, and their history, achievements, and taste in sport, are briefly recorded. There are some remarkable omissions, but the compilation has on the whole been very well done.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between March 15th and April 15th, 1897:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Maturin, The Parables. 5s. (Longmans.)
2. Gore's Sermon on the Mount. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
3. Trooper Peter Halket. 6s. (Unwin.)
4. Hort's Ecclesia. 6s. (Macmillan.)
5. Mortimer's Jesus' Last Words. 5s. (Longmans.)
6. Mortimer's Catholic Faith. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

A very large sale for Lent literature.

LONDON, W.C.

1. Lord Roberts' Forty-one Years in India. 2 vols. 36s.
2. Mahan's Life of Nelson. 2 vols. 36s. net.
3. Jowett's Life and Letters. 2 vols. 32s.
4. Hardy's Well-Beloved. 6s.
5. Ouida's Massarenes. 6s.
6. Spencer's (Nat Gubbins) Cakes and Ale. 5s.

Trade quiet. The coming celebrations in June will evidently affect it considerably more. Besides the above, Nansen's Book and Murray's "Ancient Greek Literature" have been selling well.

MANCHESTER.

1. Marshall Mathers' Lancashire Idylls.
2. " " Wooden Shoon.
3. " " Life of Ruskin.
4. Ouida's Massarenes.
5. Halley's Nonconformity in Lancashire.
6. Hatton's Dagger and Cross.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Woolacott's Geology of North-East Durham. 1s. 6d. net. (Hills.)
2. Crockett's Lads' Love. 6s. (Bliss.)
3. Watson's Mind of the Master. 6s. (Hodder.)
4. Merriman's The Sowers. 6s.
5. Steel's Face of the Waters. 6s. (Heinemann.)
6. Clodd's Pioneers of Evolution. 5s. net.

BRADFORD.

1. Lads' Love. Crockett. 6s. (Bliss, Sands.)
2. Well-Beloved. Hardy. 6s. (Osgood.)
3. Birthright. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)
4. Hilda Strafford. Harraden. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
5. Speight's Romantic Richmondshire. 10s. net.
6. Quest of the Golden Girl. Le Gallienne. 5s. net. (Lane.)

BURNLEY.

1. Farrer (William), Court Rolls of the Honour of Clitheroe, in the County of Lancaster. 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. (Lupton Bros., Burnley.)
2. Hocking (Joseph), The Birthright. 3s. 6d. (James Bowden.)
3. Britain's Queen, The Story of Her Life and Reign. By Thomas Paul. 1s. net. (John F. Shaw & Co.)
4. Barrie's Margaret Ogilvy. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Cycling Maps—North of England: Bacon's, Johnston's, Philip's, Exchange & Mart Office, etc.

GLASGOW.

1. Who's Who, 1897. 3s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)
2. The Comforting Christ. By Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, M.A. 1s. net. (Jas. E. Hawkins.)
3. By-ways of History. By Jas. Colville, M.A., D.Sc., Examiner in History, University of Glasgow. 6s. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.)
4. Ancient Greek Literature. By Gilbert Murray, M.A., Professor of Greek, Glasgow University. 6s. (Heinemann.)
5. Lives of the Saints. By S. Baring Gould. Vol. 1. 5s. (John C. Nimmo.)
6. Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

The book business is so very dull—London publishers should keep their travellers at home until the autumn.

We want the German way of doing business—publishers to send all on sale and return.

ABERDEEN.

1. Threshold of Three Closed Lands. By Rev. J. A. Graham. 6d. and 1s. 6d. (R. & R. Clark.)
2. Phil May's Sketch Book. Cheaper edition. 2s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
3. Lads' Love. By Crockett. 6s. (Bliss, Sands.)
4. Robert the Bruce. By Maxwell. 5s. and 6s. (Putnam.)
5. Who's Who, 1897. 3s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)
6. Ballads by Andrew Lang. 3s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

DUBLIN (1).

1. St. Cyprian. By Archbishop Benson. 21s. net.
2. Roberts' Forty-one Years in India. 2 vols. 36s.
3. Crockett, Lads' Love. 6s.
4. Ouida, The Massarenes. 6s.
5. Braddon, Under Love's Rule. 6s.
6. Maxwell, Robert the Bruce. 5s.

DUBLIN (2).

1. The Watches of the Passion. Fr. Gallwey, S.J. 6s. (Art & Book Co.)
2. The Ambassador of Christ. By Cardinal Gibbons. 6s. (Washbourne.)
3. The Ancient Irish Church. By John Salmon. 2s. and 3s. (Gill.)
4. Life of Christ. By Rev. J. Duggan. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)
5. Cromwell in Ireland. By Rev. D. Murphy. 3s. 6d. (Gill.)
6. New Shilling edition of Dickens' Novels.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

Trade still exceedingly good, with every prospect of it continuing; first editions of Dickens are selling well again.

LIVERPOOL.

The improvement in trade still continues, though the holidays will no doubt interpose a check to the flowing tide. Were it not for the miserable discount business, living gains might be made.

BURNLEY.

Business very quiet in Lancashire. No booming.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Lloyd's Cyclopædic-Dictionary, vols. 6 and 7, pub. cloth.
Poems by A. N. (Sheriff Nicholson).
Grant's County Directory, latest issue (Scotland).
Border Magazine, vols., cloth, all published.
The Sikhs and the Sikhamores, by Alfred Innes.
Moorland Rhymes, R. W. Reid (soiled copy will do if cheap).
Selous' Hunter's Wanderings.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Macaulay's History of England, vol. 8.
McDowall's Guide to Dumfries.
Douglas, or The Field of Otterburne.
Ramage's Drumlanrig, cheap.
The Island of Dr. Moreau, by H. G. Wells.
Family Recollections of Miss Goldie (Edinburgh, 1841).
Thomson's Outgoing Turk.